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X Collection

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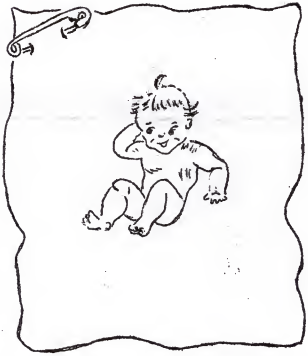
Barcode Number	Box Number	Total of Volumes	Call Number
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS 0 019 583 893 8	1306A	290	PN4827 (1876-1944) no. 1-290
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS 0 019 583 894 A	1306B	143	PN4827-PN4827.A

#291

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 26 1945
COPY
GIFT

The AMATEUR PRESS

PRESENTS



N 4827

FIRST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

1943 - 1944

December . . . Nineteen hundred fourty-four

X-PN 4827

#292

Hello Nape!

I have been putting out a little journal for 100 subscribers since 1940, and joined the Nape in April '43. In Montreal, I printed a paper called The Mt. Royal Gazette first with carbon paper, then hecto-graph, and in December '42, was given a mimeograph, using it ever since. When I joined the Nape, I got the idea that a mimeoed paper wouldn't get as good a reception as one printed, so I looked around for a press. I was unsuccessful. For the time being, therefore, I'm going to make do with what I have at my disposal.

My regular Amateur Observer that is not distributed to the Nape has a staff of five foreign correspondents. Below is a report from Pvt. Jack Purvis from France. But now, without further delay, here is my special edition of the A.O. for the Nape.

- Derek Fugsley

The Amateur Observer

Mimeographed at 80 Castle Knock Rd., Toronto 12, Ontario by Derek Fugsley
The Article by Alma L. Weixelbaum was supplied by the Nape Manuscript Bur.

Volume 5 October '44 #5-4

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

August 19th, 1944.

To-night we are camped in a broad, open plain in the midst of a farming area. There are four or five little villages within sight. As you know, there are few farmhouses in France and the farmers all live in small villages of about 25 to 50 houses and each day go out to work on their own particular farm. There are no fences, although back closer to the beach-head there are many 10' high stone walls dividing property. My lorry is in a hayfield, and just beside it there is a slit trench... The field is full of holes from shells and there is a big bomb crater about forty feet away. All our vehicles are covered with camouflage nets. In travelling here and there, I have yet to see one completely undamaged building. In one part of Caen there are a few modern dwellings which are habitable, but the rest is in a shambles. I imagine there might be five thousand people there now. All along the roads there are wrecked vehicles, tanks, etc.

(continued over)

A DRAMATIC INCIDENT

Miriam gave a slight shiver as she sat in the darkened house intent on the thrilling drama unfolding before her eyes. It felt like something cold on her neck. Then the play again engrossed all her attention.

But now that cold round spot on the nape of her neck could no longer be ignored. What was it? Instinctively, she started to put her hands up to investigate, but a warm pressure across her shoulders stopped her.

The perils of the heroine on the screen were no longer important. Miriam was more concerned with what was happening - or going to happen - to her. Oh, if only the lights would go on! Time had been going only too fast, now the picture seemed endless. Should she scream?? It was a matinee and the audience was composed mainly of children. Would the noise and confusion that would inevitably ensue from a scream in the darkness help her or add to her danger?

That cold spot seemed to be burrowing

(Continued over)

X-PN 4827

#293

A BACKWARD STRIDE IN AMATEUR JOURNALISM

AMATEUR GIGGLES

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Tantalizing Proboscis

J. H. HAMILTON

SOME people have a mania for dope, others look upon the wine while it's red, women have brought about the downfall of many, but some queer streak in my make-up compells me to pull noses.

Not all noses, understand. I can pass right by a pug nose or a sharp, thin nose without giving it a thought. But let a man with a large, bulbous nose come within sight and I become a desperate, dangerous person. I can't eat or sleep until I have given that nose one firm, satisfying tweak.

I went to a docter about my strange complex one day. He was a big man and his round nose stuck out like a sweet potato. I could hardly control myself. My fingers jerked nervously.

"Doctor," I said, "I have a most embarrassing mania. It has caused me much trouble and you simply must do something for me."

"Just what is your trouble?" the physician asked sympathetically. He leaned forward with his nose within six inches of my face. I felt my control slipping. I couldn't hold myself.

"I can't keep from pulling noses!" I screeched and gave his a vigorous jerk, whereupon I dashed out. It was most embarrassing.

Years I was obsessed with a nose-tweaking complex and it never left me until I met Dora - and fell in love. By exerting the greatest self control I thought I had conquered my great passion. I could actually converse with big nosed people without once making an ass of myself. I was exultant, cured at last!

Meanwhile my romance was coming to its inevitable conclusion. Dora and I agreed to brave the matrimonial seas. The date was set - and was I happy!

Finally the great day came - a lovely day in June. The trees were covered with rich foliage, the flowers were blooming and the birds sang. Everything was serene. The hour came, the church bells tolled, the wedding ceremony went forward. We faced the minister, Dora and I, with not a thought of the disaster which was impending.

"Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?" intoned the clergyman.

"I do!" I fervently declared.

"Do you - -"

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a man enter the auditorium and my brain seethed, His nose was like a turnip, almost hiding his face. I twitched and trembled. Suddenly something snapped. With a blood curdling scream. I leaped toward the man, leaving a horrified bride-to-be at the altar.

The man's face paled and he evidently thought I meant to murder him, for he made a

(Continued on page four)

KIDDIES' SHORT STORY

HARRY PARKER and Joe Cook, lifelong chums were enjoying the first ice skating of the winter.

"I wonder what that sign is for out there in the midddle?" asked Harry.

"I don't know," returned his companion. "Let's skate out and see!"

"All right!" called Harry.

Off they went, arm in arm.

THE END

Hints for Bridge 'Dummies'

ELI CULENZ

WHEN you suddenly find yourself 'dummy' in the course of a rubber of bridge how do you cope with the situation? Do you sit and twirl your thumbs? Thumb twirling among bridge 'dummies' is now passe. You wouldn't want to appear old-fashioned would you? Modernize your 'dummy' interludes. Several forms of diversion are employed by me and I pass them on to you.

1. Croon a popular song. If your voice is unsuitable for crooning, hum or whistle. This will evoke much comment from the other players. Sometimes these remarks will be of an uncomplimentary nature but do not let this discourage you as only 52 cards must be played.

2. Scout. Don't sit still and worry who is holding such and such an unplayed card, Get up and find out. The best way to do this is to take a scouting trip around the table, examining each player's hand very carefully. Pass any important information on to your partner for in this way you can help your own score indirectly.

3. Criticise all players. In event the other players do not appreciate your advise always remember that arguments are good time assassins.

4. Tell a funny story. This is a very opportune time to repeat that one about Junior saying, "Naw, the pants" when the tailor asked whether he wanted the shoulders of his first suit padded.

5. Don't be 'dummy.' Raise all bids and let your partner do the worrying.

Use these suggestions at the next party. Your initiative will be the talk of the evening.

X-PN 4827

#7744

The Arizona Clipper

5000

ELL-KO PRINT
Peoria, Arizona

Rates: 25 words, 20c Extra words, 1c each.

APR 28 1944

PUBLICITY

Every year many thousands of primers are for the first time placed in the hands of new beginners in school. Every season in large numbers are bringing new buyers to the mail order world and in this great service they seek to satisfy their buying desires.

The big department stores within the last few years have established branches in different sections of the country to better serve the large patronage. Time between receiving and filling an order by mail is made as short as possible and increased by this regional service.

These all had a beginning. All things have a beginning. Many changes have been witnessed since they were first conceived, these large mail order enterprises. So changed business methods were incorporated into their ways of doing things. Business was speeded up.

There are physical as well as social needs. The small mail order enterprise came into existence because there was a demand and a field to fill. There were patrons to be served. But this in the beginning was with a modest few. Having some leisure time and desiring to increase their earnings they sought to market through advertising. From this came the small mail order publications. There are many of them. But there are several things to recommend this field of action for it may be undertaken with small capital.

Advertising and stationery as well as merchandise are all an indespensible part of the mail order business and all merchants seek low cost of operation and not to sacrifice business interest so the opportunity of the syndicate publication was born.

Co-operation is the key note in the syndicate. The success depends upon intelligence. Proper organization. A sympathetic understanding between the members. An intelligent administration. It must give service to its members. It must make it an object to the members to seek business and to use its space for advertising. It must have a friendly spirit at all times. The management at all times must be open minded and seek to serve the best business interest of the entire syndicate membership.

———o———

MAIL O GRAMS

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.
Dust thou art, to dust returneth
Was not written of the soul."

Life goes on, it is filled with action. It is a series of progression or retrogression. We are the captains. We the masters of our destiny. We the pros-

(Continued on next page)

X-PN 4827

The A. P. C. News

Volume 5 Cranford, N. J. February 5-6, 1944 Number 1

Printers Meet in Two Shifts

Another town has joined the unopen cities invaded by the APC. Cranford, now the home of the hobby's busiest printer, Alfred Penn Babcock, the savant who was named for two colleges, today became the literary center of the country. Thither journeyed Pfc. Sheldon Wesson, his unblushing bride, Albert M. Adams and Burton Crane, who set this passage so that nobody could insult him. Due tomorrow is Lt. Ralph Babcock, the well-known ashcan jockey, too late to witness the passionate reunion of Sheldon and Josephine. He is starting a 15-day leave, which may mean a paper.

Wesson filed charges during the meeting that the annual election, like all our elections in the past, was illegal. As we have no judges to whom the complaint may be referred and as the new officers admitted his charges but held fast to their valuable perquisites, he accomplished no more than he ordinarily does.

After a delicious dinner Groveman appeared.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD 1945

The A. P. C. News

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After a delicious dinner Groveman appeared.

X-PN 4827 #217
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JAN 29 1945
COPY

AAPA MAILER

VOL. 2 SEPTEMBER 25, 1944 NO. 3

New Members

Harley L. Walker, 305 Strong St., Brighton, Colo.
Helen M. Johnston, 2950 Dupont Avenue, North, Minneapolis 11, Minn.
Neo Hubbell, Jr., 940 Pine St., Port Huron, Mich.
Nick D. Colevins, The Associated Press, P. O. Box 4245, Altanta, Ga.
Frederick Branch, 28 Forest Drive, Bloomfield, New Jersey.
Mrs. John P. Fox, 7438 Biscayne Blvd., Miami 38, Florida.
Cliff Williams, Vista Colorado 56-3, Needles, Cal.
Pvt. Harold E. Lind, (Address on Request)

Re-Instatements

Edgar A. Martin, 33 Myrock Ave., New London, Conn.
George W. Trainer, 91 Stuyvesant Avenue, Brooklyn, 21, New York.

X-PN 4827

#1298

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

AAPA MAILER

VOL. 2 OCT. 30 - NOV. 30, 1944 NO. 4-5

New Members

James C. Cole, 388 Peachtree Avenue, N.E., Atlanta, Georgia.
Sgt. Ray Heling, U.S.A. (Address on Request).
Norman Gustaveson, 231 W. Woodland, Ottumwa, Iowa.
John P. Connolly, 515 St. Marks Avenue, Westfield, New Jersey.
Mrs. Eloise Cozens, 4800 Garden Avenue, W. Palm Beach, Florida.
G. G. Scholler, U.S.A. (Address on Request).
Edwin Schween, Route 4, Cullman, Ala.
Mary Myers, 3 East Prospect Avenue, Moorestown, New Jersey.
Robert Overland, 6333 South Ada Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Re-Instatement

Robert L. Smith, 11 Andover Place, West Hempstead, New York.

Renewals

Walter P. Crews, Don Emerick, Joseph Simon, Jr., Kenneth Henschen, Charles Hoye, Ray Higdon, Doris Schwanke, Francis Calvia, Burton Jay Smith, Earl Bierman, Gordon Rouze, James Daniels, Irwin O. Brandt, Ransom Gurganus.

Change of Address

Raymond Higdon, P. O. Box 334, University of Miami, Coral Gables, Florida.
Mrs. Nita G. Smith, 120 East 34th Street, New York 16, N. Y.
Roger Rush, 3311 Kingsland Avenue, Oakland 2, California.

Expired Memberships

Alfred Babcock, Earle Cornwall, William Groveman, George Jones, Bertha Leppin, Leon Stone, Willard Thompson.

X-PN 4827

#299

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

AAPA MAILER

Volume 2 July 15, 1944 Number 1

New Members

Frederick Card, Otselic, New York.

J. Melvin Powers, Oil Springs, Kentucky.

Mrs. Eva Clevenger, 404 East 10th St., Connersville, Indiana.

Wayne Arrington, Route 2, Liberty, North Carolina.

Larry Notman, Lester Prairie, Minn.

Remelda N. Gibson, 439 E. Vine St., Tooele, Utah.

William Gray, Saline, Mich.

Daniel B. Herring, 2445 Balboa Avenue, Tucson, Arizona.

Richard Spikes, Box 174, Crowley, La.

Ran Smith, Box 502, Route 2, Tacoma, Wash.

Joseph J. Gudonis, 1014 Melon St., Philadelphia 23, Penn.

Clarence S. Davidson, 220 N. 25th Ave., Hattiesburg, Miss.

X-PN 4827

#1300

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1944
COPY
DIST

Army Scrap Book

NUMBER FOUR JULY, 1944

"No Foxhole Dug, No Foxhole Needed"

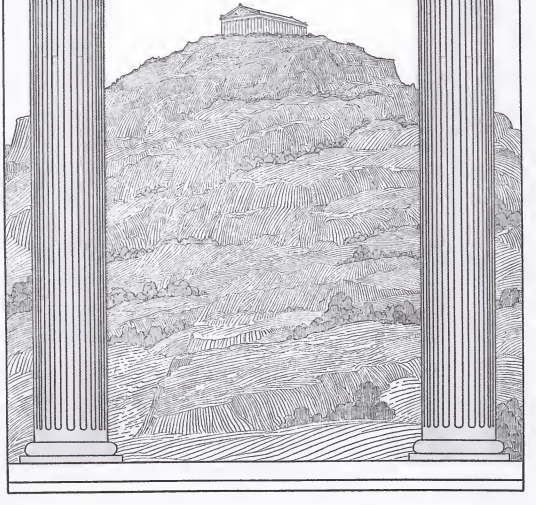
But this grim reminder of what can happen in war has been an incentive to soldiers at Fort Custer, Mich., to take their training seriously. Foxholes are welcome protection in battle zones.

X-PN 4827

#301

THE AONIAN

SUMMER 1944



X-PN 4827 #302
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

THE AAPIAN

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

X-PN 4827 #302
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

THE AAPIAN

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

AJAY WORLD

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 4

Consisting of stray thoughts, observations, reflections and opinions on the amateur press in general, by one, ROBERT E. KUNDE who prints these comments at Stevensville, Michigan. R. F. D.

WORTHY OF REPRINTING ARE THE choice words of Clyde Borgers who stated, "Wise amateur should print a paper big enough for more than a masthead. If it is the desire to draw attention to one's self, one should not merely clear the throat. If the paper is intended for a penwiper then of course printing makes no great difference." We are of the opinion that small papers if cleverly and thoughtfully arranged and of sufficient wordage to merit more than a glance can claim a popular audience from the fold. Through the means of this journal we hope to prove that small publications can have something to say. LET US KNOW IF WE HAVE SUCCEEDED!

#305
X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

THE AMERICAN PRESSMAN

Vol. 1 May No. 1

UNTRIED

BY EMIL TENYAK

Vainly perhaps, but pushing ever onward
He was searching for success.
Futile other failures wailed, maybe so
But he could say he searched.

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE AMPA PROGRESSIVE ED. & PUB. FRIENDLY PRINTER

AAPA CHATTER: THIS ISSUE WAS ENT COMING OUT, I DIDN'T GET MY PRESS, BUT I HAVE SUCH AN INCLINATION TOWARD PRINTING, THAT I JUST COULDN'T WAIT FOR THE BIG PRESS!--WE HAD A CHAPTER MEETING, THE OTHER NIGHT, THAT REALLY WAS SUCCESSFUL AS FAR AS THE CONVENTION IS CONCERNED. VOLL WAS THERE, AND HERE'S HOPING HE AND FRAN CALIVA CAN

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD #307
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

THE AMERICAN TRIBUNE

Vol. 1 September No. 2

AAPA PUBLICITY WEEK

By
Wayne Williams

At the suggestion of Walter Strombach, I am planning to enlist the help of every AAPA member in publicizing our hobby in nation wide exhibits. I have set November 17-23 as a possible date for National AAPA Publicity Week. During this week, every member would feature ay-jay exhibits in his local stores, libraries, and schools. Those who can may secure write-ups in their local newspapers. In this way, we could nationally publicize our hobby and the AAPA for one week.

Our printers could help out by supplying us with attractive printed posters and recruiting material. The posters may range from a small to a large card suitable for placing on walls and posts.

(Con't. on Page 4)

X-PN 4827 #308

The American Blare

Second Series "Put none but Americans on guard" G. W. Whole Number 6

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS JUN 9 1971

What *IS* Our American Flag?

By LUCY G. (Mrs. Gridley) ADAMS

RECENTLY, a lady, shopping in a Detroit store, looked at some of the Flag pins on display. Turning to the clerk she said: "They're very pretty, but haven't you got them in any other colors?" Again, a Connecticut State convention of retail dealers was being addressed on how to use The Flag of the United States of America in the matter of display. One young merchant, a voter, the product of New England schools, and not yet thirty years old, arose and asking the speaker: "Why the thirteen stripes in The Flag; why not twelve or fourteen?" Such a lack of knowledge of things so closely allied to our American Government is not only lamentable, -- it is dangerous!

So, what IS our American Flag ?

No one looks upon the Christian Cross as merely paper, metal, stone, or whatever its substance may be. Instead, they see it as the Symbol of their religious belief, and as such Symbol no one would think of twisting the Cross into various shapes, painting pictures upon it, or otherwise humiliating it. Similarly, The Flag of the United States of America is a symbol; an outer sign of inner principles. And if those principles are not worthy of our respect, our our reverence, our every sacrifice, then The Flag itself can have little meaning to us. But never in the history of the world has the hope of general human happiness been so nearly achieve as in this land which flies the Stars and Stripes,- that emblem of our Unity, our Power, our Thought, our Purpose as a Nation, and which has no other character than that which we give it from generation to generation. It is the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this great Nation GREAT!

If more Americans, no less, looked upon The Flag not as merely a combination of gleaming colors, but as representing all the sacrifices, all the tears, all the heroisms which have maintained the American Way of Living, I am sure they never again will drape it, tie it, festoon it, tie it in knots, or otherwise treat it as mere material. Instead, they would treat it as something more sacred, and therefore worthy of every care and attention we can show it as the Symbol of these principles which have meant, which always will mean, to us -- a Nation of Individual Freedoms.

Continued on page 2

X-PN 4827
#59
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY

A J R

Published by the Gabaree Bros., when possible, at 1058 Bank St., Waterbury 13, Conn. Bobby Gabaree, Editor-in-Chief for the duration.

Vol. 5 Spring, 1945 No. 1

Bobby Speaking

Starting with this issue I'm having my brother's printer-friend, Irwin O. Brandt, to handle the printing. You see going to school and working after leaves only Sunday for me to work in. So I'll write and I. O. will print. Nice deal I'll say.

—Bobby.

X-PN 4827

SPECIAL EXTRA *SPECIAL*

Larry Notman **A-Jayitis** Lester Prairie, Minn.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 24 1940 GIFT

COMMENTS ON THE Sept. BUNDLE & THE ELECTION. R.L. Paxton- Thanks for the election returns. Also for the info on the Wesson's list of servicemen. The Scribbler is a nice paper. Fred Branch- If you would enlarge your type size you would have a nice paper. Linton Clark- American Index's front page is right. R.C. Higgs- C&C Chatter is good. Dean Rea- Congrats on Montny Herald. Khaki & Blue is a nice job.

over

X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

NOTICE!

To the first 200 persons taking advantage of this offer, we will give a full year's (26 issues) subscription to the ARROW for just 50¢ if the order is made on this slip. Just print your name and address on the other side and mail with 50¢ to: Star Printing Co.; Box 205; Roster Prairie, Minn.

The Arrow currently averages 8 pages each issue (this will be increased if you take advantage of this offer). Among its contents you will find articles of interest to all of the family.

Sincerely yours,

President

NOTICE! X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 18 1945

To the first 2[illegible] persons taking advantage of this offer; we will [illegible] full year's ([illegible] issues) subscription to the Arrow for just 50¢ if the order is made on this slip. Just print your name and address on the other side and mail with 50¢ to: Star Printing Co.; Box 203; Lester Prairie, Minn.

The Arrow currently averages 8 pages each issue (this will be increased if you take advantage of this offer). Among it's contents you will find articles of interest to all of the family.

Sincerely yours,

President

[illegible]

A DAYDREAM

is the brain child of

Larry Notman

Box 205

Lester Prairie, Minn.

and is sent out through

the AAPA, UAPAA, and

NAPA bundles. Circulation

200. I am 15 years old

just in case you want to

correspond.

X-PN 4827

X-PN 4827

No. 8

Hello there folks! Here we are again! From now on we hope to come to come to you every [illegible]dle. Your editor has purchased a Print-O-Duplicator [illegible] do that makes it possible.

---/---

I am still trying to organise a Minnesota chapter of the AAPA. How about it?

---/---

Dr. Clyde [illegible] Noel [illegible] me that I have been nominated for the position of Historian in the [illegible] elections. It's O.K. with me.

over

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JAN 28 1945

BRITISH EDITION

Army Scrap Book

NUMBER SEVEN JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH, 1945

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY of CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

THE AMATEUR PRESS JUN 25 1940

RAY C. HIGGS, 813 Eastern Ave., Connersville, Indiana
Member of the American Amateur Press Association
Contents entered for Laureate Awards

A GREAT HOBBY — AMATEUR JOURNALISM

The hobby of amateur journalism is really several hobbies in one, and since these are all closely connected they are brought together and function together in one organization. As indicated by the name "press" association, the hobby revolves around the printing press. The most active members of the hobby own small presses, ranging from 3x5 hand presses to 8x12 or larger foot or power operated machines. These members print and publish papers and small journals or magazines. They usually serve as their own editor, and also write part of the contents — or all in the case of smaller papers. Thus, they are amateur publisher, printer, editor and writer, a 100 per cent amateur journalist.

Others like to issue a paper which they can call their own. They write the contents or secure contributions from other members, then hire the paper printed or buy a mimeograph to produce it in that form. They become publishers, editors and writers, a fine example of amateur journalism.

Sometimes a member will become an editor or co-editor with some publisher, and thus becoming a writer-editor. But a great many prominent amateur journalists are writers only. They write poems, essays, editorials, stories, and every variety of work. They often submit their manuscripts to the official manuscript manager, who in turn supplies it to one of the various editors who ask for material to publish in their papers (since some of them like to issue a paper but cannot write enough copy to fill it.) In many cases the writer-member sends manuscripts direct to one of the publishers; this is especially the case when the writer corresponds with various editors and knows the type of contributions and the length desired. The writer is a valuable addition to the association, since those who specialize in writing alone often produce better work, and their contributions are eagerly sought by publishers of better papers and journals.

The publisher generally circulates his publication through the official mailing bureau. Each month the elected mailer mails a large envelope to every member, containing copy of each paper supplied by the publisher members. In addition to papers published by individual members, there is the official organ, published six times a year and edited by an official editor selected each year in the annual election. It is not unusual for the official monthly mailing to consist of more than 20 papers, ranging in size from about 3x5 to 6x9 pages.

It is natural that correspondence should be an important factor in an association operating entirely by mail. Many fast and long-lasting friend-

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE AMATEUR PRESS

Vol. One An A. A. P. A. Publication No. 2

ME MUDDER

She tries to fool me on Christmas Eve,
Tell me them toys is what Santa Claus leaves.
Me Mudder

And when Easter bunny day rolls around,
She tells me a real rabbit left eggs on the ground.
Me Mudder

She treats me real nice so I'll go to bed,
But when it's time to get up, she hits me on the head.
Me Mudder

She cuddles me up in my little bed,
Then she lays that cold pillow on my head.
Me Mudder

Here I am sleeping real soft and nice,
When she picks me up with hands like ice.
Me Mudder

I hear a noise in the middle of the night
I wake up and cry with all my might
So I listen real cautious without an utter,
I hear a bang and a crash — here comes me mudder.

— Eugene Drewes

Look up, observe what is going on around you, and lend a helping hand. The hunger for a kindly word, for a bit of personal interest, gnaws in millions of hearts today as never before.

● ●

"Only in his highest development is man capable of the broad love and sympathy that take in all the human race, and extend even to the beasts of the field." — E. T. Seton in "The Natural History of the Ten Commandments.

● ●

Some thirst after fame, some after money, some after love, but all thirst after salted peanuts.

● ●

We can't all be great, but most of us can be useful, and no one who is useful is a failure.

X-PN

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
AUG 13 1945
GIFT

Write Two Letters a Month to Two Members in Service

The American Blare

A - Liberal - Independent - Amateur - Publication

6th Series | Summer 1945 | No. 18

THEY COME BACK!

BY HAIG ANLIAN

WHAT a thrilling moment! The soldier detrains for the last time on home coming. Yes, it could be any one of our brothers, sweethearts, husbands and friends. Home again!

I have met three of these boys in the amateur press who have returned from the South Pacific area, after three years "down under". First there was Sgt. Tech. Johnny Miller of Buffalo, N. Y., who came home last October, got married and had a honeymoon furlough. I saw him in November, at the tail end of his leave. He spoke of his plans, his ambitions and his hopes. And he wanted to issue his U. S. edition of THREE CIRCLES. But his services were so desperately needed that in late Januaay of this year he found himself as an infantryman on the Western Front in Europe. He has fought thru France, Belgium and Germany.

Courtesy Osborne Co.

In early February, I went to Atlantic City, N. J., and there met for the first time Sgt., Charles A. Austin of Washington, Maine. He too was three years overseas. He spent a 19 day furlough with his family up in freezing Maine. Now he is at Briggs Field, Texas. He too will issue his THE MAINER again.

(Turn to page three)

A-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

GIFT

A - J O Y I T

Vol. 1 No. 5

GIVE ME TIME-
Yes, give me time and I might be able to catch up with the NAPA. Since joining Al Babcock has presented me with two National Amateur's. Neal R. Reirce sent along 3 bound volumes of AJ papers and Willametta Turnspeed sent the Dec. 1943 National Amateur.

I really appreciate the welcome I have received.

####

I'm sorry that I couldn't get off enough copies of the last issue. My twin cousins (age 7) helped me with it and

X-PN 4827

Vol. 1

A-JAYITIS

No. 1

Published by Larry Notman of Lester Prairie, Minn.

This is the first issue of 'A-Jayitis'. I hope to publish it each month. Each issue will contain a 'Champs of the Bundles' column plus other articles.

I am also publishing a paper for A-J's overseas in the services. It is a little brother to this one. It is called 'E-mail A-Jayitis'. Send in the addresses of all servicemen that you think would like to receive it. 20¢ will pay the postage for 6 copies. What say?

ATTENTION ***UAPAA*** MINNESOTA MEMBERS! I would appreciate your contacting me immediately. I am thinking of a state chapter.

AAPA MINNESOTA CHAPTER

I have been in contact with Clinton Folin overseas with the Army. He wants to organise an AAPA chapter for Minn. I told him that I would like to cooperate. Send for more information.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

A.P.C. NEWS

No. 29 A Elizabeth N. Jones January 1, 1945

CRANE GOES FANATIC OR FANTASTIC

WHICH IS RIGHT?

"DOCTORS" IN WASHINGTON D. C. TO EXAMINE HIM MINUTELY

By A. P. b., Special Snoop

This is a tale that should not be told since all the principals are alive and engaged in highly secret *War* operations. Hence most all copies of this periodical have been burned and the very few not so must be kept in your secret archives.

While peacefully snoozing off the ravages of New Year's Eve, 1945 Edition, APC Secretary Burton Crane was rudely awakened by the unpredictable Wessons, charming ex-AAPA prexy Helen, and spouse Lieutenant (brand new) Shep to her and Sheldon to you. It was almost noon.

X-PN 4827

#322

CONGRESS
SERIAL REC.
JUN 28
GIFT

THE

AAPA Rookie

To my best advisor, my best friend, my best girl--to my Mother I humbly dedicate this and all issues of my paper on her day--May 13, 1945.

MAY, 1945 VOLUME I, NUMBER 4

THE LEAST WE CAN DO.

WHEN we editors receive a manuscript from the bureau, a great favor is being done us. We have not enough copy, or we want variety. That is our chief reason for using this bureau.

So, I have suggested that when you decide to print a manuscript drop the author a card telling him so. Otherwise he is likely to even miss seeing it entirely.

At first I considered having the bureau take care of this item, but that would be impossible, since many times a group of articles are sent for the editor to make his choice. That could prove very troublesome to the bureau manager.

So, make it a practice to-write your writers. That's the least we can do.

"WAR BONDS IN ACTION"

Beginning in this issue, and continuing throughout the remainder of this volume, pictures of action in which our boys are serving will appear in the Rookie. These pictures will demonstrate to you how your War Bond money is aiding in purchasing necessary materials.

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JAN 28 1946

THE AAPA Rookie

FEBRUARY 1945

VOLUME I, NUMBER 2

... AND NOW MYSELF

IN THE FIRST issue of this paper the Rookie itself was introduced, but now to introduce myself.

I am 15 years old and am a sophomore in high school .I guess my Ajay hobby really started when I was about 6. My parents bought me a Swiftset press that Christmas. I played around with it for a few years, meanwhile storing up quite a bit of equipment. The "toys" began to collect dust when I reached the age of 13. But that couldn't be the end!

Here I am!

If I may quote Karl X. Williams, one of the AAPA's most prominent members, this sentence would explain my standing excellently. "To me, amateur journalism is a pesky little thing that just won't get out of my life and stay out." And so, I'm back in the fun again. END

X-PN 4827

#324

The AONIAN

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, CRITICISM AND
THE PRESERVATION OF AMATEUR LETTERS

Volumes I - II - III

1943 - 1945

TIM THRIFT, *Printer, Publisher and Managing Editor*
E. A. EDKINS, *Associate Publisher and Literary Editor*

THE LUCKY DOG PRESS
WINCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

X-PN 4827 #325

THE AONIAN

WINTER 1945

FINIS

X-PN 4827

#1326

THE AONIAN

SPRING 1945

APPLES OF GOLD
X-PN 4827
A
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 26 1945 #327

APPLES OF GOLD

By J. Luther McAliley, Litt. D.

APPLES OF GOLD in great abundance may be the everlasting possession of every writer if he so desires. Like all other varieties of apples they come by skillful cultivation.

"Words fitly chosen are like apples of gold in a network of silver." So each writer may have even a basket of silver netting into which he may place his apples of gold.

Words fitly spoken may just as easily be words fitly written and thereby become many times more lasting. Such writing requires much thinking. "Think before you speak, think twice before you act, but think a whole day before you write," contains much wisdom for all who would set pen to paper.

"The pen is mightier than the sword" is true only because millions more use the former than the latter. But might is not always right, hence the pen may do vastly more wrong than the sword in

X-PN 4827

4528

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

The American Era

Vol. 1 *January 1945* *No. 2*

TAKE US TO THE CASBAR

"Being a true account of our visit to one of Africa's most forbidden sectors."

Not us brother. Not again, ever. If you want your stomach to turn, your skin to crawl, your hair to stand on end, just travel to Casablanca and then take a walk through its Madina. The Madina is to Casablanca what the Casbar is to most North African cities; its native sector. These sectors are far from pleasant so take our advice and keep your distance.

The Madina is restricted to all Americans. If they knew what it held in store for them no restrictions would be necessary. But while we were there we had a burning desire to go through the much talked of quarter. We did and now we consider ourselves fortunate indeed to be relating our experiences to you this day.

We first heard about the Madina from some French sailors. Later we were warned about it by some Shore Patrolmen. Their last words to us were, "You're to keep strictly away from there." But these fell as on a wall.

It was about 8:30 in the evening, just turning from dusk to dark. At this time we found ourselves on the border line between the city proper and the Madina. Just then two soldiers happened by and stopped to give us some friendly advice.

"Thinking of taking a walk through?" they asked. "Well, sailors, take a little tip from us and live a little longer; don't go through there if you value your lives. Have a drink with us and we'll tell you a little about the place."

We went into a little bar and over some cognac, they related to us some pretty morbid tales about the Madina. Stories of fellas who went through, never to be heard of again; buddies who were found beaten and bloody, their eyes gouged out, their arms torn off; men robbed and tortured to unheard of degrees.

After listening to all of this we began thinking twice about entering the native sector but in the end our curiosity overwhelmed us. In we went; into the Madina, the Casbar of Casablanca.

The streets were extremely narrow, littered with trash and refuse of every description. One or two story buildings bordered the dimmed streets, casting eerie shadows in our path. The odors emitting from these structures were enough to make any man's stomach turn and they certainly did ours.

The sector's noisy, dirty, foul-smelling Arab populace crowded

(Continued on page three)

#329
X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
AUG 13 1945

The American Emblem
COMBINED WITH NEWS-VIEWS
The cement of this Union is the heart blood of every American—Jefferson.
Number Twenty-Seven Summer, 1945

Enchanted Isle

It was my extreme pleasure to spend a few weeks last summer on the magic island of Capri, long-famed in song and story, floating majestically on the blue waters of the Bay of Naples. Having visited 34 countries and every one of the 48 United States, beauty of the type Capri offered, according to the travel folders, sounded like nothing new to me.

But Capri was different.

Capri had no war, no commercialism, no worry, no care. The people smiled as brightly as the sun shined, and the troubles of the world seemed as far away as the shores of North Africa so far south across the azure Mediterranean that the eyes cannot see them.

The violins sang on Capri and the flowers blossomed as nowhere else on this earth. I said to myself more than one time, "If God put a bit of heaven on this earth, then I am in it now."

Capri is truly an Enchanted Isle.

X-PN 4827

"COMPILED AT SEA"

The American Era

VOL. 1 MAY, 1945 NO. 3

"Suzzy" Was A "Doozy"

I walked into the Cafe Martinique with the best of intentions. Tonight, for a change, was going to be a safe and sane one. No fights, no drinks; just a nice quiet liberty. Oran was a big city and I was going to see all the sights.

The Cafe was an extremely modern establishment with its mirrored walls small round tables, red leathered seats and a band that played popular American music. They served the usual Cognac, Vermouth and Vino, but tonight all that was out. I drank lemonade.

French girls were streaming in and out of the place. The party that I was with occupied a table close to the entrance, presenting me with an excellent view of the Mademoiselles as they came by. Then she walked in. Suzzy was her name. (Her last name I couldn't even pronounce).

Suzzy came in with two girl friends. One of the fellows with us spoke some French so he invited them over. Suzzy sat next to me. We immediately struck up a very intelligent conversation. She had learned to say "O. K." and my French consisted of "Oui,

Continued on page 4.)

X-PN 4827

Write Letters To all New Members

The American Blare

A - Liberal - Independent - Amateur - Publication

Series 6 | Winter 1946 - 7 | No. 22

Weather Prophet

My grandfather told the weather's turn
By the whistle of the train;
A heavy note, and muffled, meant
That we could look for rain.

A clear tone said, "Clear skies," but tones
That fell and shattered on the spot
Made him observe that day would be
A scorcher, like as not.

But if the whistle tone was dull,
And had a tired sound, he knew
We'd best bring in a heap of wood,
For heavy snow was due.

Sometimes his keen ears caught a note.
A special note, and then he'd say,
"That's fine, that's fine! It's real good news--
The fish will bite today!"

--By Inez Clark Thornson

X-PN 4827

Write Letters To all New Members

The American Blare

A - Liberal - Independent - Amateur - Publication

Series 5 | Fall 1946 | No. 21

300 in '46

What ?	Why ?
UNITED A P A campaign honoring our re-orginiziation	To: Protect the real amateur journalist
	To: Improve, maintain and protect our hobby
with new memders	To: Provide more publications
with Recruiting of Former Members	To: Provide more writing
	To: Provide more fraternal and social activity
with The holding of presnt members	To: Incsease the quality of membership
with more members at large and in local councils	To: Assist the new members, and foster true frienbship

Issued By the Recruiting Committee of the United A P A

X-PN 4827

#1312

Write Letters To all New Members

The American Blare

A - Liberal - Independent - Amateur - Publication

Series 5 | Summer 1946 | No. 20

Calling All Manpower for 51st Anniversary Convention

Plan to attend this Convention in New York City, the activities start August 30th, 31st is the feature day, dont miss it, Sept., 1st and 2nd are the closing days, bulletins will follow.

300 in '46

What ?	Why ?	How ?

Issued By the Recruiting Committe of the United APA

RECRUIT THAT could have been got today may not be available tomorrow.

X-PN 4827

Write Two Letters a Month to Two Members in Service

The American Blare

A - Liberal - Independent - Amateur - Publication

Series 5 Spring 1946 No. 19

Marbles 'n' Tops

By Jack Spiegel

Tops 'n' Marbles is truly a timely article since they both were Spring games, may be some of our Alumni members will tell us more about tops 'n' marbles. Ye Ed.

Well Tard, suppose we go back when we were care free and fun and sports were our main thot, to the days when we played games that we dont see anywhere now.

MARBLES: On dirt ground, we would make a ring about three feet around, then four or five boys would put three or four marbles each, right in the center of the ring. We would then choose to see who shot first, second, third, etc. Boys would generally shoot from the ring line with a special marble called a reallor, at the marbles in the ring.

He kept as many marbles as he shot out of the ring, providing his shooter also was outside of the ring after shooting. If the marbles he shot at, or his shooter remained in the ring, he would lose his shot and the next boy in line would start to shoot. If any of the boys lost all their marbles and wanted to contintue in the game, the winners would sell these boys marbles at 10 for one cent. These games would be played most of the time around the school houses before 9 in the morning, between 12 and 1 at noon, and after school was out, at 4 o'clock.

We played practically the same kind of games with TOPS, which were sold by the winners to the loosers at 3 for one cent and with small PICTURES of actors and actresses (which came in cigarette packages) pitching them to this side of a line, some 12 or 15 feet away from where we were standing. Pictures would be bought by loosers from winners at 15 for one cent. I could elaborate a lot on these games but will mark 30.

X-PN 4827 #335

AJAYITIS

Volume 2 • Number 2
March 1946

When I was preparing the January issue of this paper, my old Swiftset body type broke down and wouldn't print right.

I made my mind up and sold a part of my equipment. Then I hunted for a press. I bought this 3x5 from Julian Brophy.

X-PN 4027

APC Snooze

Aug. 10, 1946. Extra

Rival Faction Meets

Pink Tea Served at Haywood Jamboree

Twenty-six thousand, five hundred twelve and two tenths would be writers, editors, printers, and genii took by storm the home of William and Matilda Haywood today. William Haywood, present past-president of the AAPA and present president of the NAPA, stated, "I did expect all members of the now defunct APC to attend a meeting of NJAPC. Shades of Brodie! We'll show the West who is boss!"

Featured at the meet was the hanging of Linton Clark. G. H. Kay and G. W. Trainer officiated. A. Babcock interred the body.

Late in the afternoon H. Spink and B. Crane served tea and crumpets to the guests while Tillie and Bill sipped martinis in a remote den.

Let the Haywood estate be as the repository of amateur journalism was the gist of resolutions discussed. Haywood stated that he would run his home on a strictly a.j. basis in spite of the recent movement to abolish this connotation.

X-PN 4827 #337

The Amateur Scribe

(OF BROOKLYN)

Published occasionally in the interests of the UAPA and the NAPA and presenting scribblings of the editor and the literary efforts of others.

This issue is set in 9 point Elzevir, one point leaded and printed on Black & White enamel, 80-lb. Typography by publisher; printed by Russell L. Paxton.

Chas. A. Shattuck, Editor and Publisher
2901 Avenue I, Brooklyn 10, N. Y.

Volume One NOVEMBER, 1946 Number Four

Two Lives to Live

Dedicated to my brother, Pvt. Howard George Frye, who gave his life for his country at the Anzio Beachead in Italy on November 8, 1943.

By Pvt. Harold Frye, m. b.
(First Armored Regiment—First Armored Division; prisoner of the Germans for 15 long dreary months.)

PART 11—CONCLUSION

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE

THE BATTLE RAGED ferociously from 6 o'clock in the morning until 3:30 in the afternoon. With 88s flying over you and bombs dropping all around, the sensations felt are indescribable. We believed ourselves in the middle of Hell. The stench of dead permeated the air and it was as though the end of the world, and our Judgment Day, was at hand.

My gallant buddies were dying all around me. At noon of this day, we only had four tanks left. Still we fought on. Trying to get through to Gafsa in the afternoon, we were crushed by German tanks which had come behind us and

LPN 4827

#335

The Amateur Scribe

(OF AMERICA)

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Chas. A. Shattuck, Editor and Publisher
2901 Avenue I, Brooklyn 10, N. Y.

Volume One | JULY, 1946 | Number Three

Two Lives to Live

Dedicated to my brother, Pvt. Howard George Frye, who gave his life for his country at the Anzio Beachhead in Italy on November 8, 1943.

By Pvt. Harold Frye, m. b.
(First Armored Regiment—First Armored Division; prisoner of the Germans for 15 long dreary months.)

I was born in 1917 at Sturgis, Mich. In 1921 Leon and Cleon Frye arrived at the old homestead. They brought great happiness as they were twins, and to have twin brothers was a real joy. In 1923 my youngest brother, Howard, to whom this story is dedicated, arrived. This made four brothers who were to serve in the United States Army for the grand and glorious Flag that is yours and mine. And, let me tell you, after what I've been through, I really know how glorious that Flag is.

My youngest brother, Howard, and I grew very close to each other. I envied him the tricks he could do on the ice. We were always together, it seemed, in this very important part of my life. For little did I know then, carefree as I

X-PN 4827 339

The Amateur Scribe

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Chas. A. Shattuck, Editor and Publisher
2901 Avenue I, Brooklyn 10, N. Y.

Volume One APRIL, 1946 Number Two

Strictly Cuff Stuff

AH, ME! To be a fabulous Lt.-Cmdr., U.S.N.—in the Springtime of Life. And to be in the position to lay down the law! To be able to direct *Salvos* at ambitious and industrious 14-year-olds who are as yet so immature as to lack the finesse of a competent beribboned Lt.-Cmdr. who is approaching his virile 30s.

Yes, Lt.-Cmdrs. are important people. And they *are* in the habit of commanding attention. We have had the pleasure of meeting two of them, therefore know whereof we speak: Lt.-Cmdr. Crawley, radar expert aboard the Carrier Enterprise AND ex-Lt.-Cmdr. Walter Winchell, of which there was no other!

Ah, me! Verily a sense of frustration and futility overwhelms me as I am easily intimidated by the Brass. Their very presence frightens me and inflates my inferiority complex. So I am now grum and captious.

At a tender (?) age—at LONG last— I have learned to keep out of family quarrels, not to stick my neck out too often and to be careful with whom I pick a quarrel. However, I believe in constructive CRITICISM, never the public,

X-PM 4827

The Amateur Scribe

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Chas. A. Shattuck, Editor and Publisher

Volume One FEBRUARY, 1946 Number One

A Prodigal Returns

ONE RAINY Sunday afternoon about a year ago, while perusing the *Brooklyn Eagle* I noticed a letter describing Amateur Journalism, appearing on that paper's "Old-Timers" page. I read the letter, which was written by one Willametta Turnepseed. As her address was also published, I sat down and wrote her a letter explaining I had been interested in A-J about 30 years ago, and how were chances of returning to the fold.

Shortly thereafter I was bombarded with correspondence from the apparently indefatigable Willametta. I succombed pronto to her sales talk, joined the NAPA and sat back expectantly awaiting results. Nothing happened the first few months except Willametta's regular and enlightening correspondence on the present-day affairs of the NAPA. Then we heard from Sesta Matheison who also sent a copy of her "Stepping Stone." Next the Sept. "National Amateur" arrived, to be followed by the Nov. Bundle; a bound volume of past-issued NAPA publications, mailed to me by Rose Willett at the request of Sesta: the "Handbook for New

X-PN 4827 #-41

*Amateur Press World

(*established* 1935)

Devoted to the hobbies of editing, printing, publishing and collecting amateur magazines, including subscription magazines designed only to cover expenses

Editorial Address and Publishing Office 49 Baston Road, Hayes, Bromley, Kent. Member of the British Amateur Press Association, Amateur Printers' Association, National Amateur Press Association (U.S.A.), United Amateur Press Association Alumni (U.S.A.), The Fossils (U.S.A.)

* *Amateur—"one who cultivates any study or art from taste or attachment" (vide King's English Dictionary)—not an incompetent dabbler or bodger.*

No. 55 Spring 1946 Vol. IX

Editorial Notes

At long last the great day has arrived when A.P.W. breaks into print. It was intended that the half century should be the issue to have this honour thrust upon it, but the war killed that plan. Now, however, we celebrate the first year of peace, 1946, in fitting manner and the dignity of print.

Overseas readers should note that 500 copies of this issue, on special light-weight paper, are being distributed through the N.A.P.A. and U.A.P.A., but that in future only half that number will be sent. Collectors and others interested should therefore communicate with their respective mailing managers to ensure continuity.

Notes and news for this magazine are invited from all amateur journalists.

Amateur magazines throughout the world will be reviewed from time to time, but first call on available space will be that of *printed* magazines. Stencil-duplicated amateur publications will be reviewed when space is available, or if they are really outstanding. Copies for review should be sent to the Editor.

X-PN 4827

THEY'RE KILLING 'EM TONIGHT * * * * -See Page Two

Apr. '46
Sixth Yr.
Number 73

* AMATEUR OBSERVER *

"Quality, more than quantity."

* *

++ HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL ++

"And here he is — John Webb!!"

We looked to the right, to the left. Then through the theater curtain came a little man — about five-and-a-half feet tall, a slight man — but oh, what a man!

1. He has interviewed most of the world-famous men of his time. Millionaires — John D. Rockefeller; Politicians — Winston Churchill, Franklin Roosevelt; and innumerable other great men — General Jan Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa.

2. His success in the field of military and international affairs is amazing — In 1932 he was one of those who emphasized the need of British-American cooperation. In 1936, he said that World War II was inevitable. Six months before the invasion of Africa, he picked that spot as the keypoint of Allied strategy.

3. He is an extraordinary public speaker.

4. He is a leading British economist.

5. He is an outstanding authority on success.

6. — Oh yes, we almost forgot. In his younger days, he had a hobby — lions. Five hundred (500) maneeating lions, lions who were terrorizing villages, fell before his trusty rifle.

What? You haven't heard of him! Well, read on, Macduff... John Webb is an amazing man:

Samuel John deVere Webb was born on the Limpopo river, north of Pretoria, in South Africa — a region still infested with lions. The son of a missionary, he was trained in jungle methods by a native Zulu. Prepared by him for such emergencies,

A 10 A343
PAGES
INCL.
COVER

X-PN 4827

AUDITS

Vol. 2 - No. 3
(May 1946)

X-PN 4827

#344

ANALYTIS

Volume 2 January 1943 Number 1

Advice to the Newcomer

By Larry Norman

When I first joined my first two amateur associations I was left to explore by myself. It took me about 5 months of bundle reading to get any idea of what it was about, plus another 7 to be sure enough of myself to begin publishing a regular paper. Shall we see if we can correct it in your case?

After your first bundle has reached you, get active. Write to each publisher and give him your comments on his or her paper. That is the quickest way to become known. Then contact your Printing and Publishing Manager for information about publishing your own journal, even though you can't afford more than a quarterly.

See page 2

X-PN 4827 #745

VOLUME TWO MARCH 1946 NUMBER ONE

THE AJAY WORLD

Consisting of stray thoughts, observations, reflections, and opinions on the amateur press in general, by one, ROBERT E KUNDE, who prints these comments at Stevensville, Michigan R.F.D. Box 454 for the NAPA.

Activity Hits Post War Peak

NATAMS PACEMAKERS, VETS BOLSTER AAPA BUNDLES

Trend of events in the postwar ajay world appear very encouraging for the future of the hobby. Activity is on the upgrade in all four major press groups with ex-servicemen contributing a major share to contents of all bundles.

A brief resume of the first six weeks of the new year reveals the National group as leading the parade with the highest membership total of 350 and a total circulation of thirty one papers. The papers released are also of a much larger size and of better quality than its three competitors.

The American group, now beset with a Presidential resignation due to that JCC controversy, closely follows with twenty eight papers released with a membership of 220 thus having the greatest percentage of active publishers in amateur journalism. Veterans and servicemen who at one time comprised twenty five percent of the membership are largely responsible for this enviable record.

Secretary Erford of the Seattle UNITED states that his group has a waiting list of 90 members and the Constitution limits the membership to 300. However, no official membership list has ever been released in recent years. The UAPAA has nineteen papers to its credit and the release of a much neater and largest official organ in recent months.

The new Eastern United is exhibiting that spirit of determination comparable to the formative era of the AAPA in '36. It already boasts a membership of nearly 200 members and promises to be on the top of the heap soon. Indications are that the Erford and Noel dominated group are in for some stiff competition because the Jersey City faction has been successful in rounding up a formidable list of publishers in the quite compact little group.

" Full speed ahead " is the theme of all associations. What group will win the race?

X-PN 4827

#346

April Showers

No. 1 -:- 1946

X-PN 4827

#347

APC News

No. 36 *New Brunswick, N. J.* *Nov. 10, 1946*

Nineteen Gather At Perlguts

Despite Bill Groveman's prediction that there would be a dead-beat crowd present because he's in Ohio and Helen Wesson is on her way to Japan, 19 lively amateurs showed up at the semi-annual (such downright editorial effrontery--the typesetter) meeting of the Amateur Printers' Club today at the New Brunswick, N. J., home of Mike Perlgut.

Those present included Bob Telschow, Charlie Heins, Jeanne Sullivan, Vondy, the 2 Haywoods, the 2 Branches, Al Lee, Alf Babcock, Paul Jackson, Miriam Whintrop, Stanley Frank, and the host, Mike Perlgut. Haig Anlian phoned that he missed the train. Berniee McCarthy, Felicitas Haggerty,

X-PN 4621

#348

The Amateur Scribe

(OF BROOKLYN)

CHAS. A. SHATTUCK, *Editor and Publisher*
2901 Avenue I, Brooklyn 10, N. Y.

A private publication issued occasionally in the interests of Amateur Journalism and presenting the scribblings of the publisher and the literary efforts of others. Printed by Russ Paxton.

Volume II, No. 3. NOVEMBER, 1947 Whole No. 7

A Journey to Cuba

By JEANNE L. SULLIVAN

LEAVING behind me fond memories of swaying palm trees, white burning sands, and happy moments spent in the company of Mr. and Mrs. John Ackerman, and Ajays' Ed Wall, I boarded the Pan-American Clipper for Habana, Cuba. It was my first journey via plane, and experience I shall never forget. Upon taking the choice seat on the Clipper, single and center rear, the most handsome man I have ever seen in my life, a Cuban,—introduced himself to me as the steward. He showed me how to fasten my life belt and adjusted my air vent to the proper ventilation; offered me chiclets and promptly moved on to the next passenger in line.

The takeoff was so gradual that it is quite unbelievable that you have risen from the ground. One glance at the tiny disappearing tree tops, assures you that the mist ahead is a cloud through which you will soon pass.

As we started the takeoff, this author, being a shutter bug, promptly took out her tiny brownie Reflex and started

X-PN 4827 #349

The Amateur Scribe
(OF BROOKLYN)

CHAS. A. SHATTUCK, *Editor and Publisher*
2901 Avenue I, Brooklyn 10, N. Y.

A private publication issued quarterly in the interests of Amateur Journalism and presenting the scribblings of the publisher and the literary efforts of others. Printed by Russell L. Paxton.

Volume II, No. 2. MAY, 1947 Whole No. 6

Major Operation

BY MARGARET D. GAWTHROP

I HAVE BEEN to Chicago twice—once for pleasure and once for a chest operation, my second within the year. I have mercifully forgotten most of the details of the latter experience of many years ago. I retain but a dim memory of fighting my way out of the haze of ether, clinging to a thin thread of life, sweating with the effort of breathing—holding my will against delirium—pain, stabbing and unendurable. There was the needle,—oblivion,—pain again.

I can picture the faces which floated before me, hear the voices, distant, indistinct—words "pneumonia", "oxygen", "you must co-operate"— Always there was pain, pain, pain—. But I do not wish to forget the little story which I shall tell you. I had won my battle and was convalescing, when one day a tall, loose-jointed man walked casually into my room and sat down on my feet.

He said, "Hello, champ."

I said, "Hello. Will you get off my feet?"

X-PN 4827 #550

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Volume II, No. 1. FEBRUARY, 1947 Whole No. 5

Copy 47

Ten Hours in Paris

BY WILLIAM H. GROVEMAN

IT HAD BEEN a stroke of luck that got him into the first class carriage and the young American soldier fully realized it as the train approached Paris. Little more than a day before he had left his old outfit behind in Kassel forever to attend a university in England. Now the train was approaching the French capital and he was silently wishing that there would be time for a stop-over for he had never been to Paris on leave.

The day was cloudy, but as the train sped on he could already note the approaches to a great city and felt the same thrill that he always did on coming to some new and great place. The roadsigns continually diminished their distances and as the kilometers dropped towards zero he became more and more excited.

By 11 o'clock the train had reached the Gare du Nord and the men were clamoring to get out while a stony-faced lieutenant made them wait. On the opposite track another

X-PN 4827

#351

*Amateur Press World

(established 1935)

Devoted to the hobbies of editing, printing, publishing and collecting amateur magazines, including subscription magazines designed only to cover expenses

Editorial Address and Publishing Office 49 Baston Road, Hayes, Bromley, Kent. Member of the British Amateur Press Association, Amateur Printers' Association, National Amateur Press Association (U.S.A.), United Amateur Press Association Alumni (U.S.A.), The Fossils (U.S.A.)

* *Amateur—"one who cultivates any study or art from taste or attachment". (vide King's English Dictionary)—not an incompetent dabbler or bodger.*

No. 56 Spring 1947 Vol. IX

Editorial Notes

The appearance of the first printed A.P.W. does not seem to have caused much stir in this country, but a number of interesting letters and magazines containing references to *Amateur Press World* have been received from the United States. An amusing error of most of the writers is crediting the editing and publishing to W. R. Brace when in fact he is only the printer!

Most interesting was the letter received from Mr. Beecher Ogden, N.A.P.A. member of Florida, who agreed wholeheartedly with the comments on the American practice of filling many amateur journals with internal dissent and "political" argument. Many of them contain nothing to interest any but the few actual combatants in the wrangle; yet page after page is devoted to accusation or defensive explanation tedious in the extreme. As Mr. Beecher says, "The average a.j. paper has very little in it to hold the attention even of the members who receive the bundle. After reading a couple what use is there in reading the others?"

To make matters even more regrettable, many of these mud-slinging efforts are clothed in typographical beauty a joy to behold. Why can't something worth-while be printed by these talented printers? Is there a lack of literary talent in the N.A.P.A.?

X-PN 4827

#352

AMATEUR OFFERINGS

(Offset-printed Edition)

Number --- Roanoke, Virginia, February, 1947. --- Eight

GEE--OL--O--GEE !

By Martin B. Keffer

I stirred myself and glanced up toward the top of Round Knob. It was not late, although the sun had passed from sight and it was shady here on the eastern slope where I reclined. However, my camp was several miles down the mountain, and I must be moving. I mused, as I yawned and stretched my feet out toward the edge of a small precipice.

I picked up a piece of rock I had laid down beside me and looked at it again. In its surface were embedded the seashells and larvae-like deposits so common in geological specimens, yet there was one thing different. I wasn't sure just what it was really like, but it must have been a sort of lizard about thres inches long, although from a certain angle its head looked like that of a monkey. Some little amphibian of a long-dead era, I supposed, perhaps from the Palaeozoic Age or somewhere back there. I had only recently taken up geology as a hobby and I was none too familiar with these long-dead ages.

It seemed queer that I couldn't find a description of this in my guide book. I took the book from my pocket and again thumbed listlessly through the sweat-dampened pages, but nothing did I find that seemed to fit my specimen. I turned back to the introduction and read: "This geologist's pocket guide, although necessarily very concise, is most thorough in description and classification. If the layman should find any specimen he cannot classify by this guide he would do well to get in touch with the authorities of ---- Institute."

It suddenly dawned on me that I must have made a "find"-----perhaps some important link in the history of early life on this planet. Maybe I . . . but I was very drowsy. It was comfortable lying here, and I felt like taking a nap . . . . but . . . oh . . . I must be moving . . . ho, hum . . .

I soon found myself scrambling down the mountainside with the rock held tightly in my hand. This specimen was too important to risk breaking by jolting it against the other rocks in my carrying case. The way down the mountain seemed unusually easy to travel, and in spite of rocky obstacles I seemed to float into camp on air.

It seemed still early, and with haste I might catch a late train for town. I hurriedly threw my equipment together, slung my pack onto my back and struck out across the ridge toward the distant railroad. I was determined now to send this rock specimen to the ---- Institute, and quickly.

Distance seemed to fly, and I caught the train with ease and was soon home and packing the rock carefully and marking it for shipment. In a very short time I was reading a special delivery letter filled with scientific terms that exasperated me. I suddenly realized that I knew much less about geology than I thought. But I did make out that the Institute scientists were very much interested in my find. In fact, one of them was supposed to be already on his way to see me.

It was great news! I jumped up and started to tell the world, but . . . crack! . . . whang! Something gave me a bop on the head I shall remember to my last day. Stars flew everywhere, and my ears rang. My eyes closed tightly, but I opened them just in time to keep from jumping into a yawning abyss! I had gone to sleep and dreamed all this. What a lick I had given my head against that pine tree! A little more and I'd have fallen over the precipice and perhaps have lain there with a broken neck ---or infinitely worse, a broken leg to bring slow torture in this

(Concluded on Page 4)

4827 #35J

"With Malice Towards All"

THE AMERICAN PEANUT ROASTER JR.

A A P A Peddlers' and Hawkers' Licence No. C-84

This is the genuine imitation, not to be confused with that very spurious Brandt-printed imitation or that semi-official B. Smith-mimeomessed unoriginal, but even more unfair, unjust, untrue!

Gruess aus Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Marz 1948

TIS A LONG, LONG WAY

Yes, folks, it's a long, long way between Milwaukee and Brooklyn and you sure have to get up early to get a paper to Skinny Lindberg in time. That's why this is a Jr. issue—only two pages. I didn't have time to print four. And I'm still having to send this first class, special delivery, air mail, special handling, air express, and special prayer. All that is expensive.

The biggest news since Toby Oxtoby got the gate seems to be Uncle Charley Shattuck's financial difficulties with *The National Amateur*. From what I hear we may have no March issue. That's sort of bad. So whatever you think about *Alf's Cat* no. 65 which is out slinking around, at least it shows you a way to help kill two birds with one stone or one buck. You can bid on some bound volumes of ajay papers and aid Charley Shattuck as half the auction proceeds go to him to help give us bigger *National Amateurs*.

The volumes on the auction block are: *National Amateur* (1934-44) 44 issues ($2 bid so far); *Aonian* 4 issues ($2.25 bid); *American Amateur* (1920-1922) complete ($2 bid); *Bavardage*; *Churinga*; *Lit. Newset*;

X-PN 4827 #54

"With Malice Towards All"

The American Peanut Roaster

American APA Peddlers' and Hawkers' License No. B84

☞ The genuine original, not to be confused with the spurious Brandt-printed imitation bearing the same name but a different license number. Unfair, unjust, untruthful!

Gruess aus Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Februar 1948

DOWN IN FRONT!

In a recent issue of his quasi-coherent mimeo-slop *Communique*, Cookie Bob Kunde has the outrageous bad taste to suggest that something constructive be done at our annual conventions, to be specific, forums on publishing, printing, mimeslopping, poetry, bedtime stories, bickering, and suchlike. He would have us neglect the important business—amending the constitution by substituting a comma for a semicolon in Subsection 'd' of Section 43 of Article LCX; deciding whether Alec Smart's motion to reconsider the defeat of Teena Woolff's amendment to Tom Dickenharry's motion to reimburse the Secretary to the extent of $3.13 for postage instead of $3.09 as previously voted has been duly seconded or was that somone just burping in the rear of the room; and should the next convenbe held in Shantytown, New England or Dumpville by-the-Sea, W. M.

Sit down in front, Kunde, or you will spoil the fun of amateur journalism with your foolishness!

X-PN 4827 #355

ANNOTATIONS

JUNE 1948

Mrs. Newton's Boy

A PARADOX, says the dictionary, is a contradiction. Common knowledge is so intermixed with half-truths that much we accept as factual, is not.

Sir Isaac Newton is remembered as discoverer of "the law of gravitation." (Bet that's nigh all you know of Sir Isaac.) When you think about it, young Isaac was up to no good napping in the orchard. He knew it. When mother Newton yelled "sup-p-p-a-h!" young Isaac knew he had some explainin' to do . . . and you know what grandma Newton trotted out for green-apple bellyache! He knew he was in for a whoppin' . . . .

His story must have awed his kinfolk; word went thru the neighborhood faster 'n' a super-sonic buzz-bomb. In no time his name was all over "The London Illustrated."

But the flaw in Sir Isaac's "theory" is the paradox: gases just won't obey the law! Now you just can't ignore

Published by Linton Clark, Abington, Connecticut,

on a 10 x 15 C & P press, in 10 pt. Garamont

X-PN 4827 A356

ANNOTATIONS

JANUARY 1948 NUMBER 2

SACKCLOTH AND ASHES . . .

TIMES unnumbered the solution of a problem stalled because the key was so obvious. Many examples would clarify. The story of the Mormon pioneers, and the plague of locusts . . . prayer, where all human effort met defeat; prayer stopped the scrourge of devastation! Here is not only a monument to the fact we have a God Who does answer prayer, but also the OBVIOUS solution to every problem. Why will men not see!

From Abraham, to Moses, to Elijah — to our very generation — testimony stands: that any problem can be solved by prayer. To so believe is not a mark of exception nor a minority. The unbeliever is the exception; the wonder is that anyone should doubt!

Europe is desperate. Weigh the word: desperation is to despair, despair is the extremity of effort, the brink of disaster. Europe has tried fascism, socialism, communism, and failed. The U.S.A. has lent-leased and given millions

—To Page 2 . . .

X-PN 4827 #357 MAR 24 1948

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The AMERICAN LIBERAL

12 ISSUES—$1.00

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SERIES - 2 NUMBER 2

YOUTH LOOKS AHEAD

AS each succeeding issue brings us closer to our chosen goal of Service to the World and to the Nation, we rededicate ourselves to the task of offsetting the influence of maliciously biased newspapers and magazines upon our nations youth. Nor is it too late to awaken our adult population to the lessons of two awful wars and an equally awe-inspiring atomic bomb.

Youth, which is naturally un-biased and clear-thinking, is exposed only to the lies and hate provoking arguments of self-styled tribunes and digests intended for the express purpose of creating mis-understanding and distrust. We thus have a dual purpose; the constructive one of bringing to the attention of youth, the facts involved and to the fair sources of such facts as well as the necessarily destructive one of combating the forces which have sought and are seeking to force us upon the road to ruin. Our weapon will be the TRUTH, but it is too late to misuse this truth in a squeamish policy of "impartiality". WE WILL NOT CLAIM TO BE IMPARTIAL. The reader may get the reactionary view in the commercial press.

DEMOCRACY IN ACTION.

The Negro rightfully claims an opportunity to enter business. That one has been permitted to enter the taxicab field reflects on Gary's growing consciousness that equality of opportunity is the birtrright of every American.—From the Gary Post Tribune as quoted by the New Republic.

IN FACT PRAISED BY TRUMAN—

IN FACT, the liberal newsletter which we are pleased to have listed in our Clearing House is even more proud of the names of the noted readers who have endorsed the weekly for example.

"I believe you are on the right track and I hope you are successful" —Harry S. Truman. "Every issue of In Fact is worth the dollar you ask for a year's subscription."

—Edward G. Robinson

THEY WILL STOP AT NOTHING!

OPA MEN VICTIMIZED BY ARSON, MURDER, BOMBINGS.

RETURNING home with his wife, a Chicago OPA employee recently found his apartment a mass of seething flames, which firemen could not subdue until 4 of the 6 rooms had bene reduced to ashes. Premeditated arson was indicated by the crude fuse of expensive motion picture film. Mr. Degan father of the slain girl, was also an OPA executive. Similarly, Wayne Lanning, Wichita, Kansas, OPA area rent adjustment officer had his eyeglasses shattered, his face cut and part of his right hand blown off by a bomb left on his doorstep Valentine's Eve.

WHAT YOU CAN DO——

YOU, the public, will be the victims of the terrifying inflation that would result from a relaxation of price and rent control at the present time. But while Big Business and real estate organizations spend millions to cause that very thing what do YOU do to make your Congressman know YOUR wishes? In the final analysis, the most short-sighted congressman knows its your vote that counts, after all. Write your congressman today! And while you're at it drop a line to your favorite newspaper and commentator too!

★ SUBSCRIBE NOW !

#355 MAR 24 1938
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12 ISSUES—$1.00

SERIES - 2 NO. 1 INCLUDING COMIC SECTION

TOWN CRIER, LIBERATOR, AND HOBBY GUIDE COMBINED!

Comic Section and other Features Added

Subscribers to The Town Crier, the Liberator, and Hobby Guide may have been surprised to receive this strange new paper in their mail, but their surprises was exceeded by the shock the publishers got after seeing their brain child in print.

Since this would have been the sixth issue of the Liberator, the fourth of the Town Crier, and the first of volume two of Hobby Guide, it has been decided to call this number one of a new series.

Another important change is the addition of an 8 page colored comic section to the subscribers edition. The full length story, Johnny Everyman, will also be included in the newsstand edition and in as many other copies as are possible.

Perhaps at a future date all the copies of the American Liberal will contain the supplement.

TOLERANCE IS MORAL OF NEW FEATURE

Johnny Everyman, a copyrighted feature prepared in cooperation with the East and West Association, is reprinted and distributed with the permission of its copyright owners, World's Best Comics Company, and first appeared in World's Finest Comics.

Unlike the "comics" of the newspapers, these features are intended to be instructive as well as entertaining, and the moral of each story is that people can, through understanding, live together in peace and friendship.

The Truth [or Some of It]

We wish we were able to make and keep the promise to print the "truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," as the Chicago Sun does, but all we can say is that we'll just print the truth.

The reason? Take a look at our Tall Tales Column and you'll know why we can't promise to print "nothing but the truth." And because of the limited space, we won't always be able to print the whole truth either.

LET'S COOPERATE! ! !

It's easy to see. . .

More subscriptions will increase the circulation, thus helping the advertisers.

More ads will enable us to increase the number of pages and the number of features for the benefit of our readers.

So take the hint: Send in your ad or subscription today.

You'll be glad you did!

—The Staff.

X-PN 4827

"As AMERICAN as Apple Pie."

The American Blare

A - Liberal - Independent - Amateur - Publication

Series 8 | Summr 1948 | No. 29

To The CROWD

I laughed and laughed at the funny clown,
  He was funny as could be
And I laughed the more, when I saw
  Him laughing back at me.

And I wondered then why other men,
  Who wear no painted smile
Conld not turn to him and learn
  A secret well worth while.

Just chaff a bit, and laugh a bit--
  Don't let 'em get you down
And all the while, just wear a smile,
  Just like the circus clown.

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Volume III, No. 2 JUNE, 1948 Whole No. 9

Vanishing Americans

By MARGARET DILLS CAWTHROP

SOME call themselves "hired girls," some "housekeepers," some "helpers," some dignify their positions by referring to themselves as "maids." I identify my alleged domestic help as "Vanishing Americans." A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

Over a period of years the procession has waxed and waned in and out of my domicile. Custom cannot stale their infinite variety. I cannot give each her just due. I shall mention the vagaries of a few.

There were those who were sloven in appearance. Others spent hours on grooming—often using my toilet articles, cosmetics and perfume with abandon. Perhaps I should have felt flattered that many chose clothes from my wardrobe for special occasions, leaving dirty necklines, burst seams, bedraggled coats and wilted hats to speak of their evidence. Hose, handkerchiefs and jewelry disappeared, never to return. Souvenirs such as fountain pens, stationery, stamps, etc. were often on the collector's list.

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Volume III, No. 1 March, 1948 Whole No. 8

A Journey to Cuba

By JEANNE L. SULLIVAN

(Part Two)

THE Prado, the main boulevard of Havana, leads directly to the National Capitol Building. This edifice is one of the rivals of our own Capitol Building at Washington, and was constructed at a cost of about 17 million dollars. The interior, with its solid bronze doors, carved mahogany furniture and woodwork, tiled floors, and ceilings decorated with delicate hand paintings finished in 22-carat gold leaf, is breathtaking.

In the center of the Official Reception Hall stands the "Statue of the Republic." It is 38 feet high, cast in solid bronze and finished in three layers of gold-leaf. The statue itself is hollow, but weighs 49 tons. Just in front of it, buried in the gorgeous mosaic floor, once was buried the 24-carat diamond from which all Cuban measurements begin. Though the diamond was stolen, broken and sold before the thieves were apprehended, the solid gold ring and black onyx base still remain.

X-PN 4827

ALF'S CAT

Junior

NO. 66 CRANFORD, N. J. JULY 1948

Colossal Rummage Sale

Every penny of proceeds will be used to finance the National Amateur!

Bargains galore for every thrifty NAPA member!

NOT CHARITY BUT A CHANCE FOR POOR OLD UNCLE CHARLEY SHATTUCK!!

X-PN 4827

#363

A. P. C. NEWS

Number 38 Woburn, Watertown, Wewtonville, & Whoa! June 5, 1948

Craftsmen, Printers, Literary Giants, Create Characteristic Chaotic Crisis

Robert Q. Telschow, dean of the hamateur printers, found himself. Unable to grace this meeting with his jocular personality.

Poets Pass Up Printers Party

The bulging bulkheads of the Proper Bostonian APC were expanded today to accomodate a 300% increase in attendance. Representing the Craftsmen, R. Winslow Babcock, member of the Outspoken, Oral & Orthodox Typogeneticians, attended. The presence of His Excellency Mike White interjected a note of intellectual curiosity in the meeting by his inquiry into the patient art of printing. Edward Hiram Cole played host to the tune of thirty-five pounds of type. Beauty was implemented by Messdames Cole and LaRochelle.

Traditions Defied As Group Maintains Monthly Activity

For the first time in its unusual career the Amateur Printers Club indulged in a progressive meeting. The members convened in the garage shop of Mike White in Woburn, drove on to Watertown for dinner, dropped in at Ed Cole's Oakwood Press to set up a paper, and back to The Hatbox to print it.

Including innocent bystanders (six of them) ten persons were entangled in the rapidly moving affair which left steamroller politicians like Charley Heins gasping for breath.

The regenerated APC is making an effort to bolster the position of printing in the mimeo-dominated amateur "press."

Massachusetts roads took a tongue lashing from Bob Smith. To quote Smith, "They steenck!"

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#364

A.P.C. NEWS

New-New Series No. 1 WATERTOWN May, 1948

AMATEUR PRINTERS GAMBOL

Small Mob (Almost Bursts "The Hatbox") Meets in the New Look Outskirts of N.Y.C.

Mother's Day '48 Marks Second A.P.C. Rebirth - This Time Boston, [N.Y.?]

Amateur printers, literati, and social bugs convening in a small New York suburb, expressed surprise that the IRT had increased the fare from Times Square to Scollay Square to ten cents. A spokesman for the group expressed the opinion that the Empire City was taking unfair advantage of amateurs.

A telegram from the Tokyo, N.Y., group read, "Sollee to miss meetee. Could not afford ten centee." (s) Crane & Wessonsss. Vondy indicated an abhorrance of even a short subway ride. Harold Segal, busy not working in the Philadelphia printers' strike, wired that he could be found in a certain cellar doing you know what. Alf Babcock, sojourning in Great Neck for Mother's Day, phoned his hello's.

Poppa Trainer was busy, as usual, doing a job — on Mother's Day! Job printing, that is.

Live-wire Telschow regretted inability to wire himself to the Hub — with flowers. Perlgut, up to his neck in AAPA official editorial copy, exclaimed, "Boston? Never heard of it!"

Shattuck, professional $100 a peek week union linotyper who's been campaigning for six months to get non-union printer Paxton to reduce his National Amateur rates, expressed regret that his union card made no allowance for operating a hand-press — even if he could find one — and hence excluded him from the ranks of the elite, the amateur printers.

Old Grandad did *not* miss this meeting. RB expressed opinion that Old G might even warm up the perennially "damp and cold" Seattle pressroom of Por Luck Hoffman.

Jan Sullivan has just announced a sequel to Willametta's "Basements I Have Known" to be entitled "Closets I Have Visited."

O for a poem at this point! (To plug the rest of this space painlessly, of course.)

The next meeting will be held at the abode of Michael White in Woburn. To get to Woburn, take the IND at 42nd St. to 782nd St. Walk two blocks north, three blocks east, and four blocks west.

Late felicitations from Fair Lawn: the Haywoods' movie house will soon feature daily showings of N, A, or UAPA films. Tickets may be bought from any APC member or A. Babcock.

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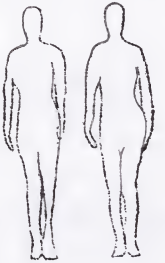

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This is the genuine imitation, not to be confused with that very spurious Brandt-printed imitation or that semi-official B. Smith-mimeomessed unoriginal, but even more unfair, unjust, untrue!

Gruess aus Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Julio 1948

SOME PEOPLE HAVE BEEN PESTERING

me to put out a paper. That is silly. This is summer. I am busy resting on my summer vacation. I was unable to go to the convention so I am not overflowing with briliant observations on how well Elaine looked or what Rusty said or how Rowena wowed them. So leave us let the globe-trotters elucidate & expectorate.

THAT BIRD SKINNY LINDBERG

stopped off to see me his way back from L A and we had quite a gab session. I offered to let him set the type for a paper but he was too too tired. Besides, he doesn't know how to set type. What a fine ajay he'd be if he only had a press and could print!

NATURALLY I MUST BE CAREFUL

what I say about Skinny or he might forget to send this paper out. Oh, we ought to give Roy a big vote of thanks for his fine work as Mailer, particularly in view of the miserable performance by that Oxtaby!

A M I A B O R E

A collection of musings put into print for the National Amateur Press Association by Roland E.Haase, Irmo, S.C.

#367

Vol.? No. ?

Autumn 1949

An Opportunity for Collectors

It has become expedient for this collector of amateur papers to dispose of his collection. During the course of years there has been accumulated a quanity of outstanding amateur publications. At least two file case drawer drawers full remain. Many of the less desirable publications have been passed on. Even some of the very best that have been printed on private presses have been given to such amateurs as will cherish them. However there are quite a few more. These must be of interest to quite a number of amateurs. Naturally it would be quite easy to dump the papers into the trash - but that would not be fair to the publishers nor to those who might be able to use them.

The policy which will be followed in giving these papers will be one of first come first served. The letter that arrives at my writing table first with a request will be honored. HOWEVER in each case, you will be expected to pay the postage - this will not be so much - it will be worth it to increase your collection of to complete it.

BELLETTE - We offer you a bound book of some sixteen or seventeen issues of this unique amateur publication. We can assure you that there is no other publication quite like it! It was published by the renowned "Vondy". This volume includes issues from May 1938 to June 1943. You ought to thoroughly enjoy her witty and sometimes trenchant remarks about amateur events and personalities. --Kindly include about twenty-five cents in coin or stamps to cover costs of binding and the postage - a real bargain at that!

BAVARDAGE * This certainly is one of the finest and spiciest of the amateur publications that has appeared in the past ten years. And this superb collection is yours for the asking!(Postage please!) Bavardage was issued by Charles A.A.Parker and contains a treasury of clever sayings and statements and quibs. In it are included a great number of ripe statements by a variety of amateurs - such as Zorn, Edkins, Cole, Pedrick, White, Vondy, and a multityde of others. This really and truly will be "a find" , a valuable "wind fall" for some one. You had better not even wait till you finish reading AMIABORE- write for these issues of BAVARDAGE first(and likewise also thank the editor of these wonderful amateur papers!) - There are fourteen different issues - ranging form Winter 1940 issue to the Spring 1944 issue - many of them are booklets of forty pages!!! Together with these there are nine issues of INTERIM - This four pager was published and edited by C.A.A.Parker too - Good!

THE EMPIRE - Published byGeorge W.Trainer - A neat little publication. Only four issues, namely January 1935 -January '37 -Feb.'42 and March '42. - All four issues filled with the writing of the outstanding amateurs such as Crane, Turnepseed, Mortin etc. About 5¢ postage will get these.

MASAKA - Issued by Burton Crane - Nothing else need be said. Anyone who knows anything at all about National affairs of the past will recognize this highest of the high class amateur publications.

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#268

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No further notice is sent; if you like the Courier you should renew.

THE COURIER suggests that writers and readers take full advantage of the opportunity offered in the printing of full addresses in this magazine. A postcard or letter to any writer may make a friend for life: The telling how one likes an article or poem. Give and gain some happiness easily.

THE COURIER operates without profit; pays no cash for any manuscript.
Its aim is to give publicity to writers; it criticizes returned mss.
Best poem sizes 12 lines or less, no wider than prose column, 36 spaces.
Prose articles of page size or less usually are used first.....
Yet.....some longer stories are used when they have high interest.
All material needing revision will be edited or returned.
With certain exceptions back copies are available at 15¢ each.

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SPECIAL NOTICE: This month THE COURIER devotes four of its pages, 3, 4, 33 and 34 to work of members of the United Amateur Press Association. Its secretary, Edward F. Daas, 738 N. 13th St. Milwaukee 3, Wisc. will give interested persons full information on how to become a member at $1.00 the year. Members prepare their own sheets for mailing in any form of print available, for enclosure in monthly bundles to members. 250 extra sheets of this Courier complimentary printing will be mailed to the association. The editor has paid his dollar as an amateur to be one of these rising writers.

BACKWARD IN MEMORY, Wanda Waters, 7707 Stickney, Wauwatosa 13, Wisc.
Member U. A. P. A.

I tore open the lavender-shaded envelope with an odd sense of uncertainty and apprehension. Then I felt a chill go through my body as I held the letter in my hand, for I recognized the handwriting at once, although it was somewhat different now, a little uneven, as if the hand that wrote it ~~was~~ more aged, shaky. I could not help wondering why that letter should come today-- on our fifth anniversary-- when I felt especially happy, and I hated its interference. Again, as in the past, the same angry resentment piled up within me, blinding my eyes with tears while I read:

"Dear Nancy: I am sending you the old cuckoo clock. I had found it in the attic while I was cleaning last week and thought you might like to have it, since it was your mother's. Affectionately....."

The last phrase stung me deeply. I recalled how much I hated her, and how much happier I had been since marriage had removed me from the domination that had followed me even into boarding school, and her presence that constantly reminded me of what I had lost. "It was your mother's", she had written. Did I need to be reminded by her?

I unpacked the accompanying box quickly and carefully, and my eager hands knew just where to hang the clock. I stood back to study and admire the effect. It was perfect. It was as if I had saved that space, on the wall near the fireplace, for it to grace our first home. Involuntarily my lips formed the word, "Mother," (Please continue this on p. 34)

ALTED DIVISION
RECOMMENDATIONS
X-PN 4827
JUN 8 1949
#369

The Amateur Scribe
(OF BROOKLYN)

FILE COPY

CHAS. A. SHATTUCK, *Editor and Publisher*
2901 Avenue I, Brooklyn 10, N. Y.

A private publication issued occasionally in the interests of Amateur Journalism and presenting the scribblings of the publisher and the literary efforts of others. Printed by Russ Paxton.

Volume IV, No. 1 JUNE, 1949 Whole No. 11

Footnote to a Fumble

By ALLEN CRANDALL

THE indifferent, irrevocable years slip by. On the 13th of December, 1928—a very chill December—we parked our Model T Ford coupe for the winter at Plainfield, N. J. and took a train through the Holland tunnel to the City of Babylon by the Sea. That is, if you can include Brooklyn in that great human beehive on the Hudson.

We found a basement apartment, on which the rent was not too outrageously high, at Brighton Beach, on the edge of that fabulous wonderland, Coney Island. Half a block away we had a great beach for a promenade, with white-capped waves breaking on the shore. Far off to the left was Long Island Sound, and to the right, beyond the blue horizon, Sandy Hook and sea gulls riding the white breakers. This location had one great advantage. Sheepshead Bay was a short walk up the coast, where all kinds of sea food, alive and kicking (or swimming), could be had for a song.

The street of our domicile was called Nathan. Street of sorrow and laughter, street of organ-grinders and romping

X-PN 4827

THE AMATEUR'S MAGAZINE

Printed and published by
F.G. Bissenden, 81 Albert Bridge Road,
London. S.W. 11

No. 14 **February 1950** **1d Post Free**

YOU CAN START READING HERE

F.U. Like

AT a recent pass-round editors' union meeting, a motion that p.r. magazines be largely or wholly composed of rubber, was adopted. It was pointed out that this would enable them to bounce their way merrily through the mailing lists and home to roost well within the

I-PN 4827 #371

The Amateur Scribe

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Volume V, No. 1 MAY, 1950 Whole No. 13

Easter, 1950

The story of The Resurrection illumines the preeminence of Love, and no modern word, in tribute to it and to Easter, can in any manner attain the inspiring grandeur of these quotations:

"**Though I speak** with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not Love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not Love, it profiteth me nothing."

"LOVE SUFFERETH LONG, AND IS KIND; LOVE ENVIETH NOT; LOVE VAUNTETH NOT ITSELF, IS NOT PUFFED UP, DOES NOT BEHAVE ITSELF UNSEEMLY, SEEKETH NOT HER OWN, IS NOT EASILY PROVOKED, THINKETH NO EVIL; REJOICETH NOT IN

¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶
The Amateur Printers Club Founded 1931

A. P. C. NEWS

Number 46 Suitland, Maryland Nov. 19, 1950
¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

Well, Anyway Vondy Came!

Thts is history. I, Vondy. go all the way to Washington, Q. C. to set my first jines of type.

Without my visa or passport, I, J. Lemon, have left my native Washington (D. C.) to be here today (Sunday, November 19th, 1950) at the print shop-home of Vic and Rowena Moitoret which I found with only slight annoyance to a WM&A bus driver (Period.)

Four score and seven years ago today Abraham Lincoln said, "Four score and seven years ago today..." and you may finish the rest for yourself as we (horrors!) have forgotten it entirely. (Shades of Cornwall!)

For the sake of historians let it be officially recorded that, in addition to Vondy and Lemon, this meeting was attended by the following: J. Rolfe Castleman, Nathaniel Pallone, Vic Moitoret, Rowena Moitoret, Carolyn Moitoret, Alan Moitoret, Julian T. Baber, Mary Baber, LCDR Paul B. Everson, Edwin Serveson, Marion Serveson, and Susan Serveson—the last four answering an emergency call to aid in disposing of food intended for those quoted on pp. 2-4.

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#373

APC NEWS 43

Newtonville, Mass. September 9-10, 1950

Yoicks, Loaded Again

The Blowtorch Brigade marches on! Armed with an acetylene torch and burning enthusiasm, the Babcock & Wesson house, press and emotion movers (company) set out Friday after the Batchelder-Fossil 8x12 C&P press which since April has been assigned to the guardianship of Till Haywood (assisted by Bill).

When the press had been knocked down, hauled up, and stuffed into the Wessonwagon, the following warning wire was dispatched to Bill, collect:

SORRY. DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WITH A WELDING TORCH?

Sunday afternoon we dumped half a ton of scrap metal into the Haywood garage and left him to puzzle it out. We suggest a formal press raising: What we have rent asunder let all characters wire together; six or seven highly enthusiastic and abysmally ignorant amateur pressmen armed with huge pipe wrenches and small rolls of scotch tape should help. When we finish, it ought to wash clothes fine.

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H 7 7 6

A.P.C. NEWS

NUMBER FORTY-TWO

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A. P. C. *News*

No. 39 Suitland, Maryland May 28, 1950

1950 OPERATION REINCARNATION

Twelve printers of various sexes, ranging in age from two months on up, swept up the moldering bones of the pre-war APC, patched them together with a batch of ink, and the corpus was habeased, good as new.

The Segals (3) pulled into Manse Moitoret (4) on the afternoon of the 27th. By the time the Wessons (4) and RWBabcock arrived at 10, two pages had been set. With the printers oiled and the press inked at midnight, production began. The reincarnation was official.

Meeting adjourned for four hours' sleep, then reconvened for waffles, bacon and coffee.

Mary and Julian Baber showed up at noon, representing the Fossils, who could also use some reincarnating. L. V. Heljeson was awaited at this writing.

The informal program included movies, hikes in the woods, flora collecting, food, applied child psychology demonstrations, NAPA political caucuses until four ayem, and other sundry symbols of camaraderie and gemutlichkeit.

Next meeting July 16 at the Segals'. — *Adot.*

X-PN 4327

This is The Ante-Printers' Chronicle, and is not to be confused with

THE APC NEWS

One and only issue June 18, 1950 NAPA

YOUNG BLOOD ADMINISTRATIONS PROVED BENEFICIAL TO NAPA; ELECT ACTIVE CAMPAIGN TEAM NOW AND REAP THE BENEFITS

Alf Babcock has said many times that he would never again run for office in the N.A.P.A. He took that to mean he would not permit his name to be proposed for any office. But apparently what it means is: Alf won't run but he'll stand perfectly still and let anybody who wants to do so elect him on his merits.

Well, Alf has merits. He prints. If you want a printer who prints and does not much care just what he prints Alf's your man. We do not mean to belittle him; we merely make statements of fact. Alf prints. Those he prints for can best testify to his cooperation and ability; but when we are looking for officers in the N.A.P.A. we want more than just printers. We want writers--and, incidentally, if you do not have writers to write,--- what would you print? The alphabet? We have seen beautiful books of alphabets, set up in exquisite type, and printed with the finest artistic touch, but after all was said and done it was only the alphabet. You can't devote much time to reading the alphabet over and over again and keep your sanity.

So, when it comes to political timber we want not only printers, but writers, and politicians, and thoughtful people who use their heads for more than growing hair. In short, we want all sorts and conditions of amateurs--we want them from all the walks of amateurdom--the printers, the writers, the poets, the politicians, and even the

X-PN 4827 #377

AMATEUR OF
SHENANDOAH

No. 3 Late Winter 1951

X-PN 4827 #378

AMATEUR OF
SHENANDOAH

No. 4 Early Spring 1951

X-PN 4827 #379

AMATEUR OF
SHENANDOAH

No. 5 Spring 1951

X-PN 4827 #380

AMATEUR OF
SHENANDOAH

No. 6 Summer 1951

X-PN 4827

#351

FESTIVAL

EDITION

FOR : BAPA : ISPA : NAPA

Amateur Press Miscellany

NUMBER 2 SUMMER 1951

X-PN 4827

aurora

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Daystpring

X-PN 4827

#383

Successor to
TABLOID

AMATEUR PRESS MISCELLANY

Bapa Ispa
Napa

Number 1 Spring 1951

X-PN 4827 5 11 13 51 H384

Amateur Press MISCELLANY

NUMBER 3
AUTUMN 1951

BAPA ISPA NAPA AAPA

That we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us . . . that we should respect the rights of others as scrupulously as we would have OUR rights respected, is not a mere counsel of perfection to individuals, but it is the law to which we must conform our social institutions and national policy, if we would secure the blessings and the abundance of peace.

Henry George

"WHERE AMATEUR JOURNALISM NEVER DIES"

Ajay Graphic

This is No. 2 | SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA | Summer Issue

GLORIOUS EPISODE

By O. BYRON COPPER

Member United Amateur Press Association

Listening to the radio, I recognized "So Goes the Story" as a part of the many-million-dollar scheme of propaganda Big Business is sponsoring through radio, press, school and pulpit, that the public may be convinced that the "America Way" of "free enterprise" is the very best in the world.

The story broadcast was the life of the late Andrew Carnegie, who very wisely decided to emigrate to the comparatively new American Republic, when weavers in Scotland were put out of business by introduction of the power loom.

Young Andrew found "opportunity" in a cotton mill at $1.20 a week, and his mother took in washing. The lad looked at his mother's toil-worn hands with deep compassion and resolved that one day he would become rich, so those dear hands might never need toil again.

Spurred on by high resolve, the youth secured a job at a depot, with the chance to learn telegraphy, and eventually, a wage of $6 a week. "You're a bright boy," a railroad official said to him one day. "You'll be interested in this"—and the official proceeded to unravel a yarn about how the boy operator could buy 30 shares of "gilt edged stock" for only $300.

Poor Andrew had no spare change. However Mother Carnegie had such great confidence in that lad of hers, she hurried straightway to relatives and friends, borrowing from each what she could, and mortgaging her home to secure the loans.

So young Andrew had his $300 to lay before the road official as his first stock investment, from which grew his vast fortune of four hundred million dollars, approximately three-fourths of which he generously gave away in laudable charities—and incidentally enabled that beloved mother of his to spend her last days in luxurious leisure.

Such is the glorious climax with which the thrilling story of the life of this honored multi-millionaire concludes, so clearly illustrating what is possible for every American boy under the superb system of "free enterprise" and capitalism.

These being the concluding thoughts, they are the thoughts that will linger long within the memory of the average radio listener. It is so inspiring to think of the glamorous career of such a man—a poor emigrant boy who by dint of hard work, thrift and "free enterprise" amassed one of the greatest fortunes the world has ever known. All this, mark you, in a land of golden opportunity and under the best system in the world—good old reliable capitalism.

Although it is all plainly recited in the story's introduction, what the average listener will have forgotten, if indeed he has not missed it entirely, is the sordid first half of the picture, represented in the long hard years of weary toil, and the grievous hardship, privation and sacrifice of both mother and son, that were necessary to secure the start which eventually culminated in the piling up of that huge fortune.

The average listener will, because it is so splendidly overshadowed by the glorious climax, quite miss the deplorable fact that the mother was obliged to live the best part of her life "in shallows and in miseries," deprived of all recreation and pleasures.

The same listener will have missed or ignored the melancholy fact that this poor mother's son himself was obliged to do without virtually everything that makes the life of a boy happy—was obliged to sacrifice everything in fact that goes to make that which is, or should be, the most delightful period of life — YOUTH—and all for what?

THAT HE MIGHT ONE DAY POSSESS THAT GIGANTIC PILE OF ALMIGHTY DOLLARS, the god of American capitalism.

The question is, was it worth the sacrifice? And more important, is a system that imposes such sacrifices worth too much?

I am still free to write this story and secure its publication in the columns of this liberal periodical. But who will read it? Mostly those who are like-minded and do not especially need it. The general public I am unable to reach for the obvious reason that America's great free press will countenance no such material for its monopoly-owned pages.

What price free speech and free press!

"Seize Upon Truth, Wherever Found, On Christian or on Heathen Ground; Among Your Friends, Among Your Foes, The Plant's Divine Where'er it Grows."

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Ajay Graphic

This Is No. 1 | SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA | Spring Number, 1951

AJAY in the EIGHTIES . . .

Back in the early days of "Amateur Journalism" there was a finely printed monthly journal called "Youth," "Of the Youth, by the Youth, and for Youth." Its editors were C. S. Stone and J. F. Sullivan, of Lowell, Massachusetts. It was issued "to call attention to the many advantages which amateur journalism offers to young people." In a leading editorial on "Freedom of Thought" has stood the test of time, and from the issue of January, 1886, we offer the following extracts for present day readers of the press—amateur or professional:

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT, that object which men of soul and independence so dearly love, is unknown in the professional press. The history of a professional editor, from the time he puts on the harness, until he retires to more private life, is a sorrowful record of tyrannical oppression.

Meek and submissive under the dreadful lash of political rings; self-denying, self-sacrificing for the sake of the almighty dollar, he is indeed a spectacle at which the angels might weep.

If any of the mortals that cluster on this earth have sympathy which they desire to bestow on poor down-trodden creatures, let them first give a taste of it to the professional editor. He ever needs your heartful sympathies and condolence.

You cannot mistake him in a newspaper office. He wears glasses balanced on a long, lank nose, and two prominent bones, which through charity, are called cheeks. Yes, you will always know him. He is the drudge of the literary circle. He is the man on a newspaper who is hired to throw oil on the turbulent waves of controversy, and to consider that no man, or set of men, outside his faction have a grain of principle in their actions and words.

There is freedom and spirit in the ocean, the brooks, the birds of the air, the cattle in the field, and, in short, in nearly the whole creation of Nature's hand, but that artificial necessity in the newspaper life, the editor. He possesses very little of either. Spirit, he has none. 'Twas waylaid and murdered the first year he put on the harness, through the carelessness of the outside world, who send in their subscription at a rate which he termed "provokingly low." Freedom, he knows not the deliciousness of. How can he? He seldom has the time or enjoys the pleasure of inditing his OWN thoughts and views in his own way.

If you behold a man in a crowd hiding in a big ulster, with his mouth firmly closed, he is an editor who knows his business. If he opens his mouth he is sure to offend an advertiser or a subscriber. Poor fellow! He is, if you will notice, different from other men, having but a certain groove in which he can run his thoughts, and ever like a man on stilts—afraid to travel in a crowd lest he should be knocked down and walked upon.

But we feel happy to state, that with the "amateur" editor, the case is entirely different. He tastes not the trials and disappointments in waiting upon a capricious public. His spirit is not wounded by a small or reduced subscription list. A harsh or hypocritical publisher is a thing unknown to him; he depends not on his efforts for his daily bread, and hence is free to meet and ventilate any subject his mind fancies. "Religion," "Public School System," "Temperance," "Polygamy," "Rascality of Republicans," or "Infamy of Democrats,"—all, all subjects are thoroughly debated by him without fear or favor. . . .

His independence should not be of the worldly sort, vague and sentimental, but as practical and tangible as the independence of Jefferson and of Washington, having in it, not the weakness and inconsistencies of man, but the honor, beauty and reliability of Nature's work.

Progressive Policies — *Editor* — *Reactionary Policies*

WHAT CAN HE DO? POOR THING

PITY THE POOR EDITOR

Cover Him Over

"Amateur Journalism has something! Its appeal has been termed universal, while others, equally qualified, call it a highly selective hobby, yet we see age, geographic and economic lines crossed with baffling disregard of accepted rules."—From "An Introduction to Amateur Journalism." Send for a free copy to: W. Emory Moore, 2018 Monterey Road, South Pasadena, California.

Illustrations by Art Young

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APC NEWS

Number 48 Philadelphia, Pa. April 1, 1951

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#388

APC NEWS 47

EAST ROCKAWAY, JAN. 7, 1951

The Ol' Meanie Returns

Burton and Esther Crane landed in the U. S. at 4:30 a. m., Jan. 3, and history was made (poor gal's been made so often she's in rough shape) the night of Jan. 4, when Burton, RWBabcock and SCWesson bent elbows and jaws for the first time in seven and a half years. Cranes and Wessons had been neighbors in Tokyo up to August, 1948, but BC hadn't seen RWB since the Columbus Convention of 1948. (The Wessons saw nobody at that convention, at which they resembled a can of angleworms).

In the brief 35 minutes before BC had to run for a cocktail party, SCW had to run to write an obit and RWB had to just plain run (first door on the left), the following topics were covered:

The disposition of Red Army forces in South China and the condition of Chiang's forces on Formosa;

The nebulousness of the New York Times' plans for Crane's future;

The condition of the now-famous Crane souvenir-scars of Korea;

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THE AMBASSADOR

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

NUMBER TWO AUGUST 1952

This issue sponsored by Frank J. Albright, 426 West Ivy Street, Glendale 4, California

- -

AMERICA START LIVING

Will the Republicans or the Democrats take up this issue and do something about it in 1952?

In my recent four month's tour from coast to coast, I have seen our nation at its best and at its worst. Traveling by bus, in order to see more completely the condition of things, I have observed each State. Leaving California and traveling through Arizona, Florida, and up the East coast to Maine, then to New Hampshire and over to Minnesota, North and South Dakota, west to Montana, Washington, Oregon and back to California. This is what I observed.

There were very few cattle until I reached Texas. Plenty of hogs in Illinois, Minnesota, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Missouri and Iowa. The beautiful farm homes in Ohio, Iowa, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Minnesota, Kentucky, Nebraska, Michigan, New Hampshire, West Virginia, Maryland and Wisconsin are finer than some homes I saw in many of the southern States. The Governors of these States should be very proud for they are the farms that produce the most needed foods for our nation. But what about the Governors of North and South Dakota, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, North and South Carolina, Wyoming, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Arkansas and Alabama? Why aren't these States which have plenty of rain and wasted lands kept up? It is up to you Governors to insist that these farms be brought to a much higher standard.

God gave us land to be productive and not to be wasted. It is up to us to please Him, by using all of America that is usable for right-use-ness. These farms are not only run down, but I was broken-hearted when I saw how the land was laying waste. I feel that these broken-down farms should be improved. What is the reason for this? All State Governors -- get out and look over your State! Leave your swivel chairs and banquets -- and don't do this only because of the coming election, but for our nation!

Put the excess city population on farms. The President of the United States calls for production. Down with the prices so that the average American family may survive. I am a humanitarian, and the time has come when we must take care of our own country. Let Europe produce food, too, instead of guns.

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L. MABEL GOULD, EDITOR 2363 NORTH 80th ST., MILWAUKEE 10, WISCONSIN

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 2

AMPERSAND

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

APRIL 1952

"LET THERE BE PEACE ON EARTH
AND LET IT BEGIN WITH ME!"

AIM IN LIFE

While some of us understand that the individual must needs adjust himself to life, there are those who sense the greater law that life is forever struggling to adjust itself to the individual.

We are expected to treat life with a measure of dignity and respect because its plea for our best good is in creating a masterful desire for ONE AIM -- one sure aim which will triumph over all other "pulls" that distract our various tastes.

Some aims seem to attract pure luck, and achieve success and favorable results. ONE AIM has law on its side and will not fail to make its very nature a triumphant ruler over all else. In the long run the law of averages gives every man what he deserves in life, but do not think that what every man desires is what he deserves.

Some aims are not good enough though the majority does miraculously well with it, but ONE AIM suggests the whole philosophy of life and is a great summing up of character.

Remember -- our success hinges on "this one thing I do", but as one great banker has said, "The first great essential of success is the fear of God." -- L. M. G.

That "Darkest Hour" could be one in childhood, which at the time was most pathetic, seemingly just the end of everything.

In youth when aviidness for life demands so much from life in a day's time, it requires what youth is so prone to forget -- "moderation in all things".

As a rule the darkest hours smack of tragedy from earliest youth with this difference; there seems to be no reparation for a poignant loss to a bruised heart in youth, but as age advances there is a fortitude, born of much experience and faith that tides the sufferer thru these dark stormy hours. -- L. M. G.

Every man is a volume if you know how to read him. -- Channing

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THE Ambassador

NUMBER THREE - OCTOBER 1952

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION2 - sponsored by

FRANK J. ALBRIGHT, 426 WEST IVY STREET, GLENDALE 4, CALIFORNIA

****

KEEP OUR AMERICAN MAIN STREET INDEPENDENT

Today, as I stood on the corner watching boys and girls go to school, it made me happy; but after contemplating a-while - I wonder! What are the boys going to do when they leave school and are ready for business? I wonder what kind of business they will take up?

I kept on walking until I reached Main Street. I met John, a good friend of mine, looking rather sad. I asked him:

"What's the matter, John? Why are you so sad?"

He told me the following story:

"Thirty years ago, I had a fine business. My family was all together. We were successfully operating a grocery store. Gradually, over a period of years, my business seemed to dwindle away until today, I am penniless. My goods come C.O.D., when at one time my account was excellent with all the wholesale houses. Today, I am poor and cannot pay my taxes. I have even lost my home. Then, I worked six days and rested one day - to thank God for a good, prosperous life. Now, my store is open Seven days a week from 8 in the morning until midnight, and still I cannot meet expenses.

"Our Lord gave us the Ten Commandments, which included the one - 'work 6 days and rest the 7th'.....

My friend continued:-

"Come, let us take a walk down the street and I will show you the Killers - who killed the Independent Business - the Chain Store Monopolies. They call them self-cooperation, and have from 30 to 15,000 stores nation-wide. They are open all the time and do not obey God's law. In our Nation's capitol we have 96 Senators and over 400 representatives. We Independent Merchants have written to them many times to help us, as the chain store monopolies are destroying us and taking the heart out of American Business.

"My friend - do you notice the terrific increase in broken homes, - and delinquent children - because Father&Son cannot start out together in business anymore? Father works one place; Mother works at another; and even the children are working for the Chain Stores prefer the youth rather than older people. The whole family must work and then the income does not reach.

"Going back to the retail chain stores...let me enumerate the different types: Drug Stores, Grocery Stores, Banks, Hotels, Shoe Stores, Automobile Accessories, Mail Order Stores, Hardware Stores. Well, my friend, there are probably many others.

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AMPERSAND

L. HAZEL GOULD,
(EDITOR)
2363 No. 80th Street
Milwaukee 10, Wis.

JUNE 1952

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 3

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

&&&

#293

Greetings to the "United" at Los Angeles!

Ajay Graphic

This Is No. 5 SAN FRANCISCO 18, CALIFORNIA Summer 1952

STORY OF JLAPC

Writing in "Chips" several years ago, Walter Fannell listed as "The Big Five" of Amateur Journalism, the following:

"The Western World," "The Rebel," "Hobby Parade," "The Snark," and "The Printer's Pet."

The first four of these were published by members of the Jack London Amateur Press Club, which served to distinguish this group considerably in the field of amateur publishing.

Since that time the press of the club has fallen on evil days. "The Snark," 8-20 page distinctive club official organ, outlived the others; but none remain.

Rescue came temporarily in the form of "Whim," that delightfully artistic gem of the Hayes', Edgar and Jean, as a prize achievement for any of our members. We hope to see "Whim" appear again.

More recently this writer placed two papers in the bundles, "Ajay Graphic" and "San Francisco Evening Lamp." They will continue to appear as family enterprises.

"The Snark," through no fault of the members, failed to appear in the format and with the frequency of its early years—a fact traceable to the war and its aftermath of increasingly busy people—and tripled printing prices.

The club's experience in trying to locate a brother ajay-printer who could get it out would fill a book. One such held the copy for nearly a year before returning it with a curt "sorry." And our last found himself in litigation and was virtually "done out" of his shop.

The crying need of the day is a subsidized printing plant for amateur publications, supported by all associations. There is precedent for this in the field of "little magazines" and it should be found possible of accomplishment.

"The Rebel" was also the victim of suddenly skyrocketing prices and the aforementioned victimized printer. This was a blow to all amateur journalism as "The Rebel" was head and shoulders above the rest of the field in solid content—readable, significant, and highly principled. Even those who disagreed with its fundamental thesis were attracted to it, and goodness knows many were in need of the inspiration of its "Credo." The fact that Editor Roger Rush had succeeded it for a time by the "Rebel Letter" indicated that hope was not lost, that Ajay's most advanced periodical might again see the light. But there have been no stirrings of late.

"The Western World" was issued by William Johnson and J. Kenneth Dodge, pioneer members of the Jack London Club who dropped away during the war, and permitted publication to lapse. This magazine was voted by the club "best paper in the UAPAA bundle in 1943."

"Hobby Parade" was turned over to an Eastern member of the UAPAA who failed to continue it. Its founder set a precedent for re-issuing of old-time amateur publications by reestablishing "The Searchlight" which he had start-

Continued on Last Page

4827
A

"Where Amateur Journalism Never Dies!"

5
Copy

Ajay Graphic

Number 8 SAN FRANCISCO 18, CALIFORNIA *Spring, 1953*

SLIGHTLY CONTROVERSIAL ISSUE OF GRAPHIC

Ajay Graphic has stepped into the field of controversy.

In our last issue we featured a reprint of one of the short classics of American literature, Col. Robert L. Ingersoll's "What I Want for Christmas."

This gem of the U.S. literary heritage, written incidentally by a foremost spokesman for the present "party in power," the GOP, drew fire from at least one reader, and a threat of withdrawal from the UAPA if such material is to be circulated.

At the same time, an unusual number of readers wrote in their comments on the issue, particularly in appreciation of the Ingersoll quotation.

We extract from our mail:

"My only purpose in writing this is to say how much I liked 'What I Want for Christmas' (Ingersoll) in The Graphic. Are there any other Ingersoll enthusiasts in your club? I'd like to meet them."—M. Ziemer, Oakland, California.

"Just received my UAPA bundle with Ajay Graphic on top. Read the article 'What I Want for Christmas', the first paragraph stunned me. Except for the first sentence it is directly aimed at the Catholic religion, barring a few sentences at the end. I am sure many other Catholics will be very much hurt, even if they do not write and say so.

"I am writing to the UAPA telling them if such articles appear in the bundles I will drop out."— Margie Bimler, Box 56, Broken Arrow, Oklahoma.

One of the outstanding figures in the

Please turn the Page

NEWS OF THE MEMBERSHIP OF JLAPC

Member Lee Weinberg of New York was introduced to the club of William McDevitt of San Francisco, who is the author of (among others) "Jack London as a Poet," and "Jack London's First." Weinberg is a London collector.

Member Earnest Hill of New Castle, Pa., is an enthusiastic London collector.

Member Dr. John Greenberg, from down Texas way, had his "credential," a short story, printed in The Evening Lamp (all bureaus).

The editor first met Oscar Zann, of UAPA, JLAPC, more than thirty years ago, but neither knew the other was interested in amateur journalism. Wonder how come the subject never arose?

Walter Peck of Dayton, Ohio, is another club member who shows interest in having his own paper.

O. Byron Copper, Jack Londoner and pioneer UAPAer, is featured in No. 1 of The Clarion (UAPA bureau).

Velta Myrle Sanford, JLAPC Public Relations Director, has been ill for a long time, is still "out of the running" but scores of friends are "holding the thought" for her.

We are indebted to long-time-paid-up member Harry H. Heacox for a rare old volume, "The Life of Captain John Brown," published in 1860. Also for a Copy of "The 25th Man."

Member Otto Thomason manages to keep the press of his area supplied with good MSS of a reflective nature.

Fred C. Eichin announces rebirth of Chicago Press-Writers Club and its or-

Please turn the Page

THE X-PN 4827 #395
A
ASSEMBLY LINE

Vol. 1 No. 9 September 1953

5 OCT 1953

Norbert A. Marciniak
328 North 35th Street
Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin

-/-/-/

#376 X-PN4827

5 - AUG 10
Copy 1955

THE MAILER

VOLUME 16 *JULY, 1955* NUMBER 12

STAN OLINER IS NEW MAILER!

Next Mailing Date Set For August 13

Stan Oliner, of Englewood, Colorado, was named NAPA Mailer for the coming year by the new president Alma Weixelbaum at the annual NAPA convention in Denver July 3, 4, and 5.

Stan is very ambitious and should do a great job in this position for he has the full support of his parents which is necessary if one is to do a good job in handling this position.

Stan will be a senior in high school this fall and in the past year served as co-editor of his high school paper.

The next mailing date has been set for Aug. 13th to allow time for mailing. Please send *350* copies along with 20 cent per lb. mailing fee payable to the *new* mailer. Send to Stan Oliner,

X-PN4327
A
#397

Alphabet BRACER-UPPERS for Believers

3 - JUL - 2
Copy 1956

AGS

BRANDT DISRUPTS RANKS

By accepting any and all printing orders, IO Brandt is making potential X-Apans out of active Apans. Journal orders are sent weeks before they are needed . . . these weeks pass by without a word from him and the ajayers sit on pins and needles wondering. "Did he get my order?" "Will he print it on time?" "Will he answer my queries?" "Is he ever going to print it?" etc., etc. A surprising number of our top ajayers are seething in discontent over this and plan to drop out.

Who wouldn't?

It is time for I O Brandt to speak up.

X-PN 1:827

SEND 160 COPIES BY JUNE 27

AMERICAN EPITOME

X-PN 1:827

AAMA MAILING BUREAU BLUES

MANIAC EMANATES FROM MOYLAN SANCTUARY

A year of peaceful ajay in Moylan was climaxed recently when Maney was bestowed with the glamorous mail job. The first thing he vowed was mailings on the 1st of each month . . . the results—February's went out the 11th (GHK was busy moving, publishers were busy trying to find GHK); March's went out the 14th, far from the 1st (envelope shortage); April bundle was mailed, too, on the 14th (Irwin (Brandt had 5 or 6 papers on the press); and finally the May bundle—that hit the road on the 6th. The second vow was to

(cont p.3)

IS YOUR NAME HERE?

#46

Paul Jackson, writing in the American Amateur Journalist, stresses the lack of originality in the amateur papers of today. He states that anyone who produces a paper which is different from the average, run-of-the-mill publication adds variety to the bundles. & I have been wondering for some time if it would be possible to set and print in the manner I am now using. This is my first attempt at printing in circles so there probably will be a lack of smoothness and symmetry. & Before I get myself tied up here in the center; this comes from Albert, Blacksburg, Va.

Ray A. Albert.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

#46

Paul Jackson, writing in the American Amateur Journalist, stresses the lack of originality in the amateur papers of today. He states that anyone who produces a paper which is different from the average, run-of-the-mill publication adds variety to the bundles. & I have been wondering for some time if it would be possible to set and print in the manner I am now using. This is my first attempt at printing in circles so there probably will be a lack of smoothness and symmetry. & Before I get myself tied up here in the center; this comes from Albert, Blacksburg, Va.

Ray A. Albert.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

X-PN 4827 H4C1

A-JAYITIS

Vol. 1 No. 4

//////////////////////

Looking through my March UAPAA bundle I find that Roy Ermord is still bawling out Heins, Anlian, and Northrup. Doc Dean is helping him out too. Yes, from the facts that you give us you have something to holler about, but why has it taken 35 years to do it? It should be over by now. I can't see why we need any quarreling between our A-J clubs. Can you tell me? "30"

AAPA-UAPAA-NAFA

V.PN 4827

#403

HAYITIS

VOL. 1

NO. 6-7

LAST SECOND
FLASH
JUST RECEIVED
AN AIRMAIL
LETTER FROM
S/SGT. [illegible]
AUSTIN.

X-PN 4827 #404

Australian Library of Amateur Journalism

URGENTLY WANTED

American Oldtimers.—Please give this List your special attention. What can YOU spare to complete rare files in Australia's ONLY A.J. Library.

Librarian—Leon Stone, Elgin Street
Gordon, N.S.W., Australia.

THE LURE OF THE DESERT

By BEN ARID

There's the lure of the North
  Where the North Lights play,
And the lure of the teeming West,
  There's the lure of the mountains, too—but say
The lure of the Desert's best.

And so if you'd be a Man, my son,
  One who can fight with the best,
Just make Life's run through a boiling sun
  And lie on the Desert's breast.

What if its rays are hot as Hell,
  And it's easy to raise a thirst,
It's the Desert that brings the best out of you
  And shows up, as well, your worst.

You fight out there o'er a water hole
  To cool your tongue that is hot,
While the buzzards sail in the blue above
  Hoping your carcass will rot.

You side-step the Cactus, whose thorns work in,
  To have with the Rattler a fling,
While the Tarantula runs o'er your face at night
  And you feel the Scorpion's sting.

But the skies are blue and there's space to spare
  And you put up a fight to win,
And you learn out there in the sun's hot glare
  That quitting's the only sin.

And when you leave it, you leave it A MAN
  With a backbone no trouble can break.
But the lure of the Desert will hold you,
  With fetters you never can shake.

There's the lure of the North,
  Where the North Lights play,
And the lure of the teeming West,
  There's the lure of the Mountain, too—but say,
The lure of the Desert's best.

4827

Toronto, Ontario Sixth year, No. 70

Amateur Observer

"Quality, more than quantity"

From the Manuscript Bureau:

** The Kiss at the Well **
Karl Westermann

It was just growing dusk. The sun was bidding us goodnight and the moon was getting ready to make his stage appearance. Here and there about the landscape his followers were getting ready to answer his evening call of heartbeat affection. In all the generations past and present, the chaperon of lovers hadn't forgotten his mission.

A man in shirt sleeves and hatless was seen coming up the path to the well with a young lady by his side, winsome, vivacious and companionable. He showed keen interest in her remarks and she, with a coquettish inflection in her voice, waited impatiently with an appealing smile for the answers she wanted. The man was indeed entranced by the fading reflection of the sun over the hill and the gathering shadows. Perhaps he had a thought, only a thought of a hug and a kiss from his charming companion. Maybe the influence of the moon would inoculate her with the same inclination. The moon has been known to do such things.

At the well, he turned the squeaky handle and sent the bucket into the cool recesses of the well, until it splashed. She watched her escort bring the bucket to the top, and reached for the dipper. He latched the handle and reached for the dipper too. Their hands met as if they had met before. The maiden let him have it. He filled it from the brimming bucket and held the dipper that she might sip from it. This was no task. It was an invitation to come closer. Then the empty dipper fell to the ground as he took her in his arms, and looking into her dancing eyes, yes, he gave her a kiss. He took another kiss and whispered to her, "We must go home now. It's time five-year-old daughters were in bed"

#407

A-Jayitis Vol. 1 No. 8-9-10-11-12

Starting with the January issue, A-Jayitis will become a twice-yearly 5½" by 7½" publication.

I will start 3 new publications; National Crier, American Crier, and United Crier. These will bring you any NEWS worth reporting.

Larry Notman Box 205 Lester Prairie, Minn.

X-PN 4827

ISSUED BY WOOLLEN AND DUNLOP.

3/408

AMATEUR JOURNALISM!

AN INSTITUTION FOR THE YOUTH OF THE LAND.

ITS AIMS, PLEASURES AND INTELLECTUAL PROFITS FULLY SET FORTH—HOW TO BECOME AN AMATEUR—SOME OF ITS DISTINGUISHED GRADUATES, AND ADVOCATES—NAMES OF SOME OF ITS PRINCIPAL JOURNALS.

Thinking that you, my dear reader, are unacquainted with the youthful fraternity known as amateur journalism, we drop this little circular into your hands, believing that if we rightfully and comprehensibly impart to you the knowledge of what Ex-Speaker Randall calls: "The noblest work engaged in by the American youth," you will undoubtedly become enthused with the spirit of our institution, and will desire to "lend a hand" in its advancement.

WHAT IT IS. — ITS AIMS.

This institution, as its name would indicate, is composed of young men and ladies, ranging in years from twelve to twenty-five, who, for the pleasure of ranking known and exchanging, their ideas with other young people, for the profit thus to be derived in thus cultivating a thoughtful disposition, and for improvement in literary composition, publish and edit small papers of their own, or contribute to the minnie journals published by others.

This fraternity, now more or less known in nearly every state in the Union, and some parts of Canada, numbers more than a thousand members, among whom at least three hundred papers, or amateur journals are published, ranging in size from a two (inches) by three to a large sixteen (in some instances, twenty or twenty-four) page magazine. These papers are not made up solely of editorials, nor with news concerning amateurdom, but contain essays, sketches, poems and serials, from the pens of these persons in the ranks who seek for the laurel wreath of the author. In many instances the editorial ability displayed in these minnie journals is not far behind that of many professional publications; but it is upon the excellence of the contributed articles from our aspiring young poets, essayists and story-writers that the future greatness of our institution is founded; for amateur journalism is purely a school for literary advancement—a starting point for future authors. Still the object of these amateur journals is something more than the selfish desire to improve ones-self only, and they serve other purposes than merely that of being a vehicle through which young authors may express their thoughts. They serve to raise the standard of literary culture among the young people of America, insomuch as, that one of the radical objects, which the institution has in view, is to present to young minds a literature free from all sensational matter, and to give, instead, one more calculated to expand their moral, as well as intellectual, ideas. This, you must see at once, is a noble undertaking;-

"A consummation devoutly to be wished,"

and we should like to add your mind, and your influence, towards effecting this grand end.

To succeed in this cause—to reap the benefit of this institution—you needs must work with will, with energy, with enthusiasm. But, although you will find the confines of this institution no play-ground—no pleasure-spot, wherein all is sport, and from which all work is eliminated—yet, will you soon acknowledge that no pastime, in which you ever before engaged, was so fascinating as this; and, most assuredly, will you say that none other was so well fitted to make you a graceful and intelligible writer.

ITS ORGANISM.

Amateur journalism has regular organizations, the chief one of which is known as the National Amateur Press Association, or "Napa" in an abbreviated form. Besides this there are the Western, Eastern, New England, and others more or less local in their influence. The members of the Napa, THE association in point of influence and membership, meet in convention, during the month of July each year, at some place designated at the preceeding convention, to elect officers for the ensuing year, and transact such other business as may come before it. This custom of convention holding, not only lends a spice of political contention to the association, giving orators as well as authors a chance to be heard; but best of all, it is a means of bringing together, and cementing in friendship, the brightest and most cultivated young minds in the country. It thus becomes a red-letter day for all amateurs; one which he never forgets, and the memory of which, for many a year, will call forth his sweetest recollections.

As attending a Napa convention is intensely delightful, so is receiving a Napa office delightfully honorable; and it is the goal of most every amateur's ambition to gain that highest office in the gift of his brothers—the presidency.

A FEW DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.

Among the number of notable and distinguished men who have, at some time or other, been connected with amateur journalism, we will name the philosopher, Benjamin Franklin; the author of "Home, Sweet Home," John Howard Payne; our great novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne; the eminent electrician, Thomas A. Edison; Chas. Scribner, the head of the publishing firm of that name; George W. Peck, "Brick" Pomeroy and Elaine Goodale. The late President Garfield, and the present Senator Evarts, also, were contributors to college journals.

A FEW OF OUR ADVOCATES.

Our cause has excited the attention of most cultured men who have made its acquaintance, and has received words of encouragement from Longfellow, "Oliver Optic," Samuel J. Randall, Henry Cabot Lodge, Julian Hawthorne and many others.

HOW TO BECOME AN AMATEUR.

Anyone can become a member of this institution by either contributing, as an author, to any of its various journals, or by conducting, as an editor, a small paper of his own. The latter is the more preferable for many reasons, three only of which we will give. First, it tends to make you more independent in your ideas and your ways of expressing them. Second, it sooner gives you a clear insight into the workings of amateurdom; and lastly,- which is, of all, the very best reason,- it is one more stride towards that universal knowledge of our institution which it is so much desired the world should posess.

If you have a printing press and material of your own, you can print a respectably sized paper, with but little cost. If you have not the necessary materials, or have not the inclination to print your own journal, you can get some brother amateur to print your two, three, or five hundred copies of a paper for from two to ten dollars according to the size; and, as all amateur journals are obtaining 2nd. class postal rates, the cost of mailing your papers would be but a small item. With a little "push" and enterprise on your part, by getting your friends to subscribe, and the business men of your to advertise, you can make your paper at least self-supporting. A few amateurs are even making their papers pay something over and above the mere cost of their publication. But we would advise no one to come into the ranks of amateurdom, expecting to build up any fortune from the publication of an amateur paper; but come in with the intent of expending considerable time and trouble for your intellectual good, and the good you can do others, and you will be certain to win applause, perhaps fame.

Some of our leading papers are;

THE VIOLET, 331 Vine St., Cincinnati, O RISING AGE, Bayonne, N. J.
STARS & STRIPES, Milwaukee, Wis. YOUTH, Lowell, Mass.
PACIFIC COURANT, San Francisco, Cal. SENTINEL, Newburg, N.Y.
LITERA, Pottstown, Pa. MICROGRAM, San Francisco, Cal.
LEISURE MOMENTS 2103 Venago St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Copies of amateur journals, and any further information desired concerning this institution, will be most cheerfully given by addressing a line to either

FRANK D. WOOLLEN, ALMA, NEB.
or to
WILL S. DUNLOP, 448 VAN BUREN ST.,
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Will S. Dunlop, Printer.

X-PN 4827

AMATEUR JOURNALISM #409

.....an unusual hobby

X-PN 4827

Amateur journalists print, write, and publish small amateur papers and magazines as a hobby. There are near to 1000 of them in all in the United States, and they are all members of at least one of the amateur press groups now operating--- the National, United, and American Amateur Press Associations.

The National Amateur Press Association, the first amateur press group, was organized in Philadelphia on July 4, 1876, during the Centennial Exposition. The other amateur press groups are split-offs from this organization. Previous to 1876 the low-priced printing press had come into being, and many boys all over the country had purchased presses, with which many of them printed their own journals. The NAPA was formed by a group of these boys so that they might have an opportunity to keep in touch with each other, exchange papers, and get together at annual conventions for the purpose of swapping ideas, electing officers, and acquainting themselves with their fellow amateur journalists.

Since then the nature of the hobby has changed considerably. The boys who originally organized the association stayed with it as they grew older, bringing in many people their own age, so that the average age of the members went up considerably. Many women joined also.

The annual conventions which the NAPA holds are one of the most interesting parts of its organization. Every year the association meets for three days over the fourth of July in some large city. Members from far and near gather to elect new officers, discuss their activities, see old friends and become personally acquainted with new ones. Often the political campaigns for officers are very heated. Four officers-- a President, Vice President, Official Editor, (who edits the ~~National amateur, association official organ, four times annually,) and Recorder,~~ (Who keeps a record of activity for voting qualifications.) Many of the papers issued a couple of months before the convention are filled with political propoganda about the candidates, and some very powerful sounding stuff is printed. But it is all in fun, and there are no hard feelings. It has often been said that your worst enemy in amateur journalism is your best friend in regular life.

How big are amateur papers?-- They vary. A great number of them are four-page, 6½ x 9¼ jobs, but the size goes as 30 pages. What do the papers contain?-- Almost anything. Numbered among the topics amateurs write about are new ideas about the hobby, association politics, fiction of all types, poetry, articles, comments on national and world affairs, comments on the writings or papers of other members, and numerous other subjects. The important thing is that they are written, printed, and published by the members themselves. This is the essence of the hobby-- the enjoyment of printing, writing, and publishing purely as a hobby, not for $$$.

In the past amateur journalism was often considered a training ground for professional journalism. Today, because of the huge scope of professional journalism, this is impossible. But amateur journalism will give a young person a valuable background which will help him in later life.

The association manages two bureaus for the convenience of the members. The Manuscript Bureau handles manuscripts for publishers and writers. If you write an article you don't wish to publish yourself, you send it to the Manuscript Bureau. Any kind of writing is welcome. Then a publisher who wishes an article for his paper writes to the Bureau and is able to secure what he wants without bothering to write to several members soliciting the article.

Another service the association maintains is that of the Mailing Bureau. The manager of this bureau receives monthly from each publisher 350 copies of his paper. On the 25th of the month he mails out a bundle containing one copy of each paper to all NAPA members. The publisher pays 15¢ per pound for the mailing, far below the sum he would have to pay for a private mailing. With larger papers, particularly those of 24 or more pages, members usually send their papers privately to as many members as they know are prominent in the club, or who they think would be interested in receiving their paper. If you receive one of these papers, you should send the publisher a postcard of thanks. He'll keep you on his list.

You are not required to publish a paper, but you are strongly encouraged to do so. If you have a press or mimeograph at your disposal, you certainly should put out a paper. If not, one of the printer members will print your paper at a reasonable rate. And of course good writing is always welcomed.

If you join, take full advantage of your membership. Don't be timid about writing to any officer for information or help. Answer cards and letters of welcome. Read over all papers you receive, and send a post card to the editors of the ones you like. And make an effort to publish some sort of paper. It's the part of the hobby you get the most out of.

The NAPA has over 300 members. Not all our active. Many bought life-memberships years ago when such things cost only 35. Many have been active in the past and will be active again. Sum are now like yourself. Being new you will be frequently puzzled by references to members or journals of the past. This cannot be avoided, nor can it be quickly overcome. You have walked in on a serial which has been changing for almost 75 years.

But if you do join, you'll catch on before long. Once you have become active and published, once you have attended an NAPA convention, you'll find it hard to drop your membership.

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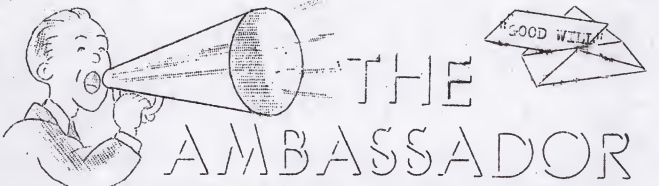

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

This first number is sponsored by
G. Wallace Tibbetts, 11 Shelley Road, Wellesley Hills 82, Mass.

ANOTHER OPEN LETTER

Ever since the Boston convention one of my very best friends has been urging me to write about it. The "man says" that a local expression of honest opinion might make some of our members sorry that they missed this successful affair, and to those who were fortunate enough to attend, this letter may refresh their memories by pointing out some items that were brushed off lightly.

First of all I want to testify that the Boston convention was the finest convention I have ever attended - that is, a United Amateur Press Association and Alumni Association joint meeting. As it was my first experience, there is no room for comparison.

Next in order attention should be given to the fine work accomplished by the Lynn Amateur Press Club. On very short notice Mary Mahoney and her two companions, Larry Doucette and John J. Quigley, put on a party and program that has not been surpassed anywhere, any time - if I may believe the words of all the old-timers who attended. Women excluded in that classification. The married ladies, without exception, all appeared to be spring brides, and beautifully attired. The single girls were all all dressed up and, without exception, had that expectant look. One of them has already been awarded a blue ribbon - a winner.

We may now pass on to the weather. We in Boston have a reputation for weather and baked beans. Some days were hot, just too warm for comfort, and other days were rainy. The old expression of raining cats and dogs does not apply, for no respectable dog would participate in the type of rain we had on tap the Sunday we took the historical trip to Concord, Lexington, Bunker Hill in Charlestown, Harvard College in Cambridge and the Navy Yard to peek through the iron bars of a gate at the old ship Constitution. This was the same day we went to the Old North Church to see the belfry where lanterns were hung to notify Paul Revere to "give alarm to every Middleses village and farm" for the country folk to "arm". Being Sunday of course the Old North Church was closed. Remember friends, this happened in Boston. Probably most churches were closed too.

Our observation of Bunker Hill Monument was not clouded at all because the Battle of Bunker Hill was actually not fought here but

A

L.MABEL GOULD, EDITOR 2363 NORTH 80th ST., MILWAUKEE 10, WISCONSIN

AMPERSAND

VOL. 1 - A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - NUMBER 1

MARCH 1952

GREETINGS! Maiden, initial, what have you! It is a happy thought that one can contact so many friends with a "cheerio" just by giving a little time and effort to arrange a message that will reach our furthermost outposts.

Our New Year is really cutting its first teeth and here in Milwaukee we are in the throes of choosing, we hope, the very ablest guardians of our commonwealth, trusting that "good" will prevail continuously in the coming administration. If in all this tempestuous universe a healthy seed of genuine peace and brotherhood would germinate in every human heart, what a great world this would be!

It is a big order to pray for this boon, but unity will do anything. In an anthology of denominational sermons compiled at Notre Dame University I found a story in a sermon by a Jewish Rabbi that demonstrates how vital unity is and what it can mean. This is the story: A young couple with a small son settled in the far reaches of Canada to grow vast acres of grain. One Sunday, about harvest time, they walked out into the golden, undulating, sun-touched wheat, glorying in its richness. Some time later they met in that labyrinthine trackless maze, alone, and simultaneously asked "Where is the baby?" Each had thought he was with the other. Panic moved them to frantic search and calling his name, but without result or response. In desperation they appealed to the nearest settlement for help, and in no time volunteers were searching. Finally a level-headed man in the throng shouted for attention and said "We are doing this all wrong, there must be system and unity, so let us all join hands at arms length and start from the side of the field and walk forward." So they literally combed the field. They found the little boy- too late- for he was lifeless. The anguished father sobbed "Oh, why did we not unite in the beginning? This tragedy has been so needless."

So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend. -- Stevenson

X-PN 4827

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#412

APPRECIATION

-"An adequate estimation or recognition"-

Published at timely intervals or as occasion warrants its appearance by

GEORGE A.BOEHME 2628 No.RICHARDS STREET MILWAUKEE 12,WISCONSIN

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

To BERTHA MASON
1505 No.Franklin St.,
Milwaukee 2,Wisconsin

a
n
d

NORBERT A.MARCINIAK
328 North 35th Street
Milwaukee 9,Wisconsin

I dedicate this issue for their unselfish and willing endeavors during the past years to aid your Mailer and United Amateur Press Association Secretary in making possible the mailing of our Bundle. Many others are due recognition and we hope to, God be willing, express our APPRECIATION to them in forthcoming issues. Thanks Bertha Mason and Norbert A.Marciniak. We count on your continued co-operation.

****

Bertha:

In spite of your obstinate, stubborn refusal to 'get a paper' in the bundle, we have not given up trying to persuade you to come forth soon with Volume 1-Number 1 of FORCED ISSUE or whatever name you decide to call it.(Folks it seems that Bertha can't decide on a name for a paper. So here is your chance to swamp her mail box with suggestions. To the one who sends in the Title she chooses and really publishes under your editor will send on a token of appreciation.) But for your dependable appearance on Mailing Day, when we really do need physical aid to get the bundles ready for mailing; for the real grand job you are doing as Secretary of our local club, for your all around good fellowship and natural kindness and for your understanding I take this opportunity to thank you most kindly and sincerely.

Norbert:-

I do want to take this opportunity to enlighten our membership in some part at least as to the essential value of your aid and services to the organization which also make possible the monthly mailing of our Bundle. These endeavors of yours are not so readily apparent as I wish they might be. But as year follows year it has become almost second nature for me to just seek your help when we need some printing done. (Folks, the envelope you receive every month is printed by Norbert on a Multigraph. Much of the stationery used by your Mailer and United Secretary are also the work of Norbert. He has for years generously donated his time in the cause and support of our organization.) Then I do not overlook your advice and help on matters of the printing and multigraph and mimeograph problems that so often do confront me. And for your general kindness in serving us when perhaps you might be devoting your time to other matters I am also open for showing a wee bit of APPRECIATION. And then for your grand performance as Santa Claus at our recent Christmas party I must take off my bonnet-even tho' it means a cold in the head. It is my fervent and ardent prayer and desire that we may count on your continued cheerful help and co-operation in the years to come.

To Both of You: May your years be many, your days long and full of happiness and good health.

George

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#413

THE AMBASSADOR

NUMBER FOUR - DECEMBER 1952

5 Copy

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION" - Sponsored By

FRANK J. ALBRIGHT, 426 WEST IVY STREET, GLENDALE 4, CALIFORNIA

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HATE! HATE! HATE!

****

I write this story to tell the truth as I, myself, see it. I have learned these truths from my travels as I listen and learn in business houses and from the man on the street. And so, in our beautiful land that God so graciously gave us a "Horn of Plenty", I learn that without that God we are nothing and as I travel and go my way alone I see "hate" rear its ugly head. The Ten Commandments are frowned upon and the more beautiful teachings of childhood are considered out of fashion in our modern world. Even that beautiful sentence, "Love thy neighbor as thyself for the love of God."

Today people have forgotten those beautiful teachings given to us by God and so for the many years that have passed, it is shocking to learn that forty per cent of the world neither knows nor cares that He was the One to suffer and die on the cross for us, to show His great love for all mankind - to destroy "hate".

Today in our blessed land, anti-Christs have risen up amongst us and we are falling back - yes, back to the dark ages, as men fight men and love seems to be forgotten. It is indeed a changing world!

I call it a changing world because the people are ashamed of their God, ashamed to have His picture or that of His dear Mother hang in their homes and worst of all are ashamed to pray. They know no reverence for the Blessed Mary and do not heed her words to pray to her, to say her beautiful rosary, for the blessings of world peace. It sickens me to hear God's name and Mary's name spoken of so vilely as I make my way in supposed to be respected places of business. The devil is indeed at work. This hate must stop! We must, to save ourselves, turn to Jesus Christ and humble ourselves at the foot of His cross and pray to be forgiven. We must wage a war on the anti-Christs who preach so strongly amongst us. If we do this, we need not worry about a changing world for with a real faith in God, we will be saved.

There is only one God, that is the one Jesus Christ who died on the cross to save us. "Glory be to God and peace to all men", should be our motto and one to fight for.

Let us go back a few years and see what "hate" did to our world. I recall that in 1928 a truly great man, Alfred Smith, was defeated for the office of President because he was a Catholic. Hate had won out. Four years later, a great depression was dawning, banks failed, people lost forunes, cattle died in droughts, dust storms turned good lands to

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"WHERE AMATEUR JOURNALISM NEVER DIES"

Ajay Graphic

This Is No. 4 | SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA | Winter Number

The Small Press and the Amateurs

Virile Souls Have Passed

By

L. G. MERRELL

SINCE the great, wide days of the Twenties when the Small press furrowed fertile lands and pearled unmeasured waters, claimed courageous writers and a handsome readership, the press of the amateurs has decayed and settled in the mud.

Its galleon sails have rotted and blown with dust, its strong voices and virile souls have passed, and its buoyant hull, which ran with light scuppers and cut the wave and foam of strange seas and haunting rivers with clean prow, is hardly a thing now but a vile replica, desolate and chained in a sickly harbor where mudheels and nefarious oralists come and go from the little white cottage on the shore.

One has only to turn the pages of the small sheets today to see how listless and shoddy, how domesticated and decadent the crew has become—a far cry from Jack London's days. They have mutinied against the brave and vigorous character of expressionism, they have held a sitdown against the spirit of literature. And, dogmatic and persistent in sugary platitudes and unintelligible mumblings, a clutter and clatter of pets and brats, its readers feel betrayed and its patrons have become disgusted and gone their ways, a little sad.

Th winged horse of the Muse has been shorn and shamed; its tail bobbed, a collar on the neck, it is held to the simplest routines and conforms to the lowest cultural conceptions and the stalest models of village deadheads and purist hicks. And thus, taken over by stuffed shirts and bustles, by lusterless prudes and flowerpot moralists, all its fervent supporters—those whose interest is life and real things, beauty, reason, drama—have deserted. Today, with few exceptions, the LITTLE press is hardly worth a loaf of bread—never the jug of wine.

To those who recollect, the winds blow soft and nostalgic from the free and better days of the small press when Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg and a host of strong, vibrant wanderers were stomping into the frontier literary posts and trading, with Reedy's MIRROR, THE FREEMAN, THE FUGUTIVE, THE SEVEN ARTS and a number of others, stalwart and memorable, who left heritage and legend.

They Were Bold Travelers Who Came By for a Day, and Thrilled the Crowd, and Went Their Way, Unafraid of Being Alone in the Night

One got from their poems and prose the throb of unfettered existence, the vista of impressive lands, the pulse of people with strength and passions, the mystery and beauty of motivated life. They were inordinate and bold travelers who came by for a day and thrilled the crowd, and then went their way, unafraid of being alone in the night. One had song and sense with them; they left the spiritual excitement of enobling concepts and fascinating scenes, of man and his loves and struggles, the tempo of joy and strength, the spirit indomitable, the lust to learn and feel. Their words became tangible skeins of lands and human beings, exalted to literature. In them we found country, city and field, roads hard and long, orange-baskets of far sunsets and dawns kindled to velvet fires. In them were the rivers and boats, the oceans and ships and the chant of breakers on the crags; the loneh wail of trains ploughing the broad silenc of plains, whispering the breath of ech against mountain margents. They mad one feel life, feel space, feel being. I was a live thing, and its memory still live to shame the dryrot and stupor of th contemporary small press.

Search the small press today and see i you can find in its ideals and practice an germ of virile saga; see if you can find i its writers any idea or inspiration that wil take you far from the puerile docility o the front yard, the village pew, the slavis thanks for stuffed turkey, or the Christmas morning sock. You will find them putterin around the lawn or gone to chirp th evening away at the Literary Wrens Cir cle. Go in, and you will find them swelter ing away at small gossip, lauding som childish ditty to the baby or the famil kitty. Try to raise above the inane chatte one honest opinion or a critical though and you'll become a hated pariah!

Some time ago I asked the bread-and water publisher of a small magazine wh he did not claim a copyright on his pub lication as a protection against literar theft. He looked at me with sardoni laughter. "You couldn't give their dam stuff away—let alone get anyone to stea it. No up-and-coming intelligent perso cares much for their bone pile. The bet

Continued on Next Page

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#415

T H E * NORBERT A. MARCINIAK
A S S E M B L Y L I N E * 328 North 35th Street
Vol. 1 No. 6 June 1953 * Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin

-/-/-/

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T H E * Norbert A. Marciniak
A S S E M B L Y L I N E * 328 North 35th Street
Vol. 1 No. 5 May 1953 * Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin

-/-/-/

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THE ARROWHEAD

(A U.A.P.A. Publication, No. 1, March, 1953)

Wilfred Brown and Elinor Henry Brown, Editors and Publishers
P.O. Box 3857, Victory Center Station, North Hollywood, Calif.

THE Arrowhead, which will appear now and then, will include material from The Archer, our 36-page (more or less) literary quarterly, as well as other material from time to time. The Archer publishes verse — rhymed and unrhymed, conventional and unconventional, serious and light — but good; shorter lengths preferred. We also use short prose — fiction, sketches, essays, humor, etc. — seldom longer than 1,000 words.

We are sorry our budget doesn't permit regular payment for material, but cash and other prizes are offered in every issue of The Archer. We think it is a good bargain at $1 a year, or 25c a copy. Or we will send data on current contests for a stamped, addressed envelope.

We have enjoyed reading other U.A.P.A. papers. And we wish to thank all those who have sent us letters and greeting cards.

— *Wilfred & Elinor Henry Brown*

IMMUTABLE FLAME

MY baby never saw his father.
He rests beneath war's alien skies —
But his courage and his love live on,
Their glory shining in our son's blue eyes.

— *Belle S. Mooney,* Kansas City

$5 Marinoni Special Quatrain Award

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THE ARROWHEAD

No. 4 A U.A.P.A. Publication May, 1953

Published now and then by Wilfred Brown and Elinor Henry Brown, editors, publishers, and PRINTERS of THE ARCHER
P.O. Box 3857, Victory Center Station,
North Hollywood, Calif.

Winners of HAIKU and TANKA contests are in this No. 4 bulletin. No. 5 will contain winners of Yost Sonnet contest, closed April 15, and Archer "Summer" contest, closing May 15.

The Arrowhead goes to all who enter our contests (send stamped return envelope for current rules), and also to members of the United Amateur Press Assoc., in a monthly bundle.

FAMILY ITEMS

Poets' Haven put on a dinner honoring The Archer, and our friends crowded the Mirror Room of Melody Lane restaurant in Hollywood. Poems from The Archer were read by five excellent readers. Wilfred was "M.C." and Arnold Davidson and his wife, Florence, were there. Elinor couldn't make it, but she enjoys playing her tape-recording.

Elinor is up to 106 pounds on the doctor's scales, and was instructed to "stay put" and consolidate her gains.

Wilfred flew to Phoenix, Ariz., to write another special radio broadcast for Glenn Hardy -- and phoned Ralph A. Fisher, Sr., while there. On a week-end, Wilfred and Dad Henry caught 24 fish in Santo Tomas Bay, Baja Calif., Mexico. But Wilfred served spaghetti not fish to members of the prose group of Writers' Rendezvous, who met at the Brown's Monday night, May 4.

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#419 10 5 Copy

THE ARROWHEAD

No. 3,March 17,1953

Published now and then by
Wilfred Brown and Elinor Henry Brown,
Editors and Publishers of THE ARCHER,
P.O.Box 3857, Victory Center Station,
North Hollywood, Calif.
(Members of United Amateur Press Assoc.)

The top o' the mornin' to you -- and also Easter greetings. This bulletin will go, first, to all who entered poems in the Archer Easter contest, which closed March 1. Inside are reports on that and on the 1952 Quatrain competition. Members of U.A.P.A. will be reading it a bit late, as we had a printed Arrowhead in the March bundle. We hope to have a printed Arrowhead every 3 months, with duplicated ones containing contest reports, etc., in between.

All are invited to send a stamped return envelope for current contest details -- or see the Spring Archer, just out. (The Archer is only 25¢ a copy, $1 a year.)

FAMILY ITEMS

Several have asked for more details about the radio news show Wilfred writes. It is the Alka-Seltzer Newspaper of the Air, with Glenn Hardy and John Holbrook, heard daily except Saturday, at 10 a.m. and 9 p.m. on West Coast stations of the Mutual-Don Lee radio network.

Early this month Wilfred went along when Glenn Hardy visited station KYMA, Yuma, Arizona, and KXO, El Centro, Calif. Next he will fly to Phoenix in April.

Elinor stayed home and tried to catch up with the mail -- but more keeps coming!

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#420

APEX Swapper

Richmond, Ky. Fall, 1953

Opportunities For Printers

By Edward Tevis

From experience I have come to realize that there are many opportunities for both amateur and professional printers who own presses. A press can be the means of a regular or a supplementary income.

There are two good fields for business, namely, local and mail order. The printer has his choice or he can do both. However the chances are that when his business grows he will be catering to local trade. Customers in either field will want prompt service, which he should endeavor to give.

Now of what will the orders consist? There is a large demand for the printing of envelopes and letterheads, social stationery business cards and statements. The printer should keep a large supply of these on hand. Also he should carry in stock an assortment of sizes and styles, for he always should strive to please his customers.

One advantage of printing such items, as listed, is that only a small amount of type setting is required. Therefore many printers wisely specialize in printing such jobs.

In the mail order field a printer can secure more printing than he can do if he will print amateur journals and not charge too high rates.

There is an opportunity to have a remunerative printing business and render a valuable service.

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THE AMBASSADOR

MARCH 1953 NUMBER FIVE

"A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION"

FRANK J. ALBRIGHT, EDITOR 426 WEST IVY STREET, GLENDALE 4, CALIFORNIA

A CHALLENGE:- DEMOCRACY - OR - COMMUNISM

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free!"

Democracy is freedom!

Communism is not freedom. The true democratic way of life which our fore-fathers founded in this country was a way of freedom for the individual to express and to work out his own true destiny. Individuals working together in harmony--to bring about Peace on Earth--Good Will to all Men--and to bring God's Kingdom on Earth.

The Communistic way is one of death - not life.

It is to crush the individual and be one of a great mass and without belief in a divine power and presence. The communist believes in the one mind, but does not carry it up to the highest concept of Deity where all power is used for good.

We must get rid of all destructive thoughts and use God powerefor good. Man has been given the power of choice and however he may use this power -- that is the way it is returned unto him.

In this article it is only possible to touch on certain aspects, but my reason is to get people thinking for themselves. In order to Preserve our Democracy we must take our stand in "The Christ". You might say - What does this mean? Well it is time you were finding out--It is time for a growth in the Knowledge of God.

Humanity has evolved from many states of consciousness and the one it is or should be in at the present age is thinking and using the power of thought as Jesus Christ did, of the Awareness of God - Within him and within all the world -- He made God a living being within him -- He overcame the things of the world and became the triumphant Christ. All great minds of all ages were seers and knew about the higher powers of man, but they did not completely become the God qualities as the Master Jesus. He overcame all and still remained whole in Soul, Mind and Body.

All Humanity is in process of Regeneration, but it is up to the individual always just how rapidly they wish to progress on the spiral of life. Jesus Christ is our perfect 'way-shower'. He was here 2000 years

X-PN4827 #422
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THE ARROWHEAD

July-August, 1954

Published now and then
by WILFRED H. BROWN and ELINOR HENRY BROWN
editors and publishers and printers of
THE ARCHER, a (more or less) literary quarterly
in their hobby printing shop, THE CAMAS PRESS
P.O. Box 3857, Victory Center Station, North Hollywood, California

Members of United Amateur Press Association —
This Arrowhead was partly linotyped and partly hand-set on pages 2 & 3, and pages 1 & 4 were Vari-Typed on Tempo film stencils, and run on our Geha Automat electric stencil duplicator.

Dear contributors and contestants:

At long last the *Song Lyric* and *Great American Women* contests have been judged. (See Page 4 for reports on these; and pages 2 and 3 for current contest rules, as they will appear in the Summer Archer.)

Wilfred is home again after 2½ weeks of rapid sight-seeing spanning almost 7,000 miles -- a lot of it in Texas, just getting across it to 'N'awlins," which was Rozelle's favorite place on the entire trip, with the possible exception of Grandma's farm in Camas Valley, Oregon, where she will visit until time for school to start. Highlight of the trip for Wilfred and his mother was an all-too-brief visit in Maywood, Nebraska, with relatives of Wilfred's late father. They visited the little one-room school house at Spring Creek, and other landmarks of his father's boyhood.

Elinor stayed home for the most part, not being well enough yet for any such strenuous traveling. She concentrated on putting out the No. 1 issue of *"Poets of the Pacific PIONEER, a Paper for Poets."* (Included in dues of P. of P. members; available to non-members by subscription at $1 for 12 issues). She did take three days off, when that was out, staying at a downtown hotel convenient to the library. (Yes, she spent her time compiling a reading list for poets on technique and listening to records of poets reading their own poetry!)

It's just as hot here as it probably is where you are—though we do have an air-cooler in the living-room wall that helps. We do hope you'll read this as the "personal note" we'd like to write to each one of you. We're making a valiant effort to get *everything* back that we can't use — and do hope other people will be lazy and give us a little time to be lazy, too. (But think up some wonderful things to send to the markets you most want to make — as soon as the simmering sidewalks cool sufficiently to permit you to make the trip to a mailbox!)

With every good wish,

The Browns

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5 JUN 29 1954
#423

THE AMBASSADOR

Frank J. Albright, Editor
426 West Ivy Street
Glendale, California

JUNE 1954.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

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THE AMERICAN HOME AND OUR AMERICAN INDEPENDENT MAIN STREET IS DEAR TO US -- WHY HAVE IT DESTROYED BY BIG MONOPOLY?

As I wrote to you once before, I was a cowboy. Loved it, but in my mind I wanted to be more -- I wanted to write, and so today I am glad I did become a writer. Our American Home is so dear to us, to you, to me, and as I travel around the country I see so many of our American homes broken up, sad in the eyes of God. We, with sound minds that can write should see that it is stopped.

We have a beautiful United States and our beautiful American Flag that we all love so much. Ninety-three (93) American men gave their lives in the American Revolutionary war in Lexington and Concord to keep America independent -- that is history, and so on July 4, 1776 these great men in Philadelphia adopted a day to be called "DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE" day, and from that day on our beautiful America went ahead and so today we must use our Pen, not bullets to save our homes and our independent business on Main Street.

Yes, I believe in PROGRESS and I believe in big business, but independent business makes progress and it belongs on Main Street. Big Business belongs on the river front to sell wholesale to the independent business, but when Big Business is on our American Main Street, it kills the little business; the little independent businesses which are the core of our American homes. It is the little independent businesses that build our churches, our homes, our schools, our highways. Big business just monopolizes; they have the best corners on Main Street; and they advertise "We sell For Less". Show me, if they do! As I travel around I notice what big monopoly did in the last 25 or 30 years. They have put in self-service thus knocking thousands of men and women out of work so that they can show the stockholders how much money they have made. It is pitiful and that is what destroys our American homes, causing broken homes, divorce, child delinquency. Why? Because the fathers and mothers had no chance to go into business.

****

MONOPOLY IS WORSE THAN WAR!

Yes, dear people, I am your Editor of the Ambassador and only write and print the truth, the people must know the truth.I travel, I see, I read and I watch, that's my business and when super markets chain stores and mail order houses are wiped out, PROGRESS WILL COME BACK. We have got to get independent business back on our

X-PN 4827
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5-OCT 26
Copy 1955

ALICE
IN NAPALAND

Travel folders refer to Denver as the "Mile High City" but looking at it through the eyes of one attending her first NAPA Convention it becomes more than a place that can be measured in feet or miles . . . It becomes a "Cloud City."

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The = ∞ = Ambassador

Frank J. Albright
Publisher
426 West Ivy Street
Glendale, California

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
April
1955

DEAR TO OUR HEARTS

So dear to our hearts is the Country
We live in the good old U. S. A.
So dear to our hearts is our Flag so Grand.
So dear to our hearts is the Freedom we have
So dear to our hearts is the church, home,
School and Independent business.
So dear to our hearts is Love, not Hate,
Whether we are white, yellow or black.
So dear to our hearts when we can kneel and pray
To Almighty God for Peace.
So dear to our hearts is God who gives us
Food and health; not guns nor bombs.
So dear to our hearts some day we'll learn
Of no more broken up homes and
Fathers and Mothers will not part.

God does not want or expect man to just sit down, with hands folded and wait for Him to take care of us. He expects US to do everything in our power, believing in Him, to help ourselves. Remember, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity!" Which moans, that we can always turn to Him, when we have done all that we can, for ourselves and our neighbor.

God said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Friend, how long is it since you have done anything for your neighbor? Maybe the little woman next door with two small children and a crying baby, or another one on the way, would get down on her knees and thank God, if you would just run in on her some morning and say, "Here, I've come in to help you this morning. Where would you have me start?" Or you might say, "Don't bother to fix luncheon for yourself and the children today. I've arranged for a little picnic lunch in my back yard for all of you."

Maybe there is an elderly woman or couple nearby who are trying to eke out a meager living on a pension check. You have a peach tree in your yeard, haven't you? Or, maybe an orange tree - oranges being so beneficial to one's health. Do you ever take some of the fruit, God given, God grown, for who can create a peach, an apple, an orange, but God? God says, "Feed my sheep." He fed the multitude when he distributed the "Fish and Loaves", didn't He? Well, neighbor, how about it?

#476

X-PN 4827
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5-DEC 28
Copy 1955

Estella M. Scharf
37 Greenwood Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

Ann S. Wiestling
Pleasant Valley
Wheeling, West Virginia

Thank you kind friends for the many Birthday cards I received for my Birthday, on November 7. I think I counted 14 different states. I shall acknowledge each one in time but, in the meantime, please accept my thanks and know that I did appreciate each and every one.

As Christmas time draws near again, I realize how nice it is to have so many lovely friends in UAPA. It is so nice to get mail or to hear the cheerful voice of Betty Dyckman as she passes through Wheeling. It makes life worth living.

Today, I went shopping and noticed the strained look on so many faces. I wonder sometimes if we have lost the spirit of Christmas. Every street corner had its Salvation Army kettle and a cheap phonograph blaring forth - yes, really murdering the lovely old Christmas carols.

As I wandered about I found one store that had caught the real spirit of the Season. Decorations were beautiful and throughout the store. These folks, too, begin the day with a radio program broadcast from their store. This consists of Christmas carols sung by the store choir under competent leadership and is heard each day from 9:00 to 9:15 A. M. This has been a feature of the day's routine for many years now. I am sure this morning prelude helps to put clerks and customers in a good holiday spirit. It can't help but give them a "lift" and make them more gracious throughout the busy day.

And now, let me wish everyone of you a very happy Christmas Season with lots of cards and greetings from one to another. I'd like one from every state. Is that asking Santa too much?

May every new day of this New Year bring to each one much joy and cheer.

Some days may be dark, that's true enough
Let's hope the going will not be too rough.
But may we all both far and near
Find peace and contentment in this New Year.

—Estella M. Scharf

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL
and may your stockings (and sox, too)
be filled to overflowing.

CANDLELIGHT AT CHRISTMAS

The candle lights on Christmas eve!
How soft and warm they burn!
We in their radius perceive
The dreams we used to dream return.

The candle lights on Christmas day!
How steady and how fair they are
Atop the festival display
Shining like some friendly star.

The candle flame across the snow!
How true the promise of its light
That lets each one for a moment know
Our only source of good is right.

The candle glow on Christmas night!
If we could only have its rays
As living sparks to keep love alight,
To kindle dreams for future days.

HAPPY NEW YEAR
on the first day and new
joys on each day following
in 1956.

-- Ann S. Wiestling

"Books are the food of youth, the delight of old age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home, and no hindrance abroad; a companion by night, in traveling, in the country."---Cicero

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds.---Shelly.

"A quitter never wins and a winner never quits."

#427

AMATEUR GOLDEN GATE LOG

5-OCT 26
Copy-----1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

A. P. Sontum, Editor

511 Keokuk Street, Petaluma, California

Eleventh Entry October 1955

X-PN 4827
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THE FEAR OF SOCIALISM

(Conclusion)

Referring back to both party groups, as political parties offer the citizen a means of expressing his wishes. In this respect they are parallel roads to the same destination, but there is a difference between pressure groups and political parties. The party tries to place its men in the offices of government, while the pressure group usually does not. The party concentrates its efforts on winning the elections. Therefore the principles for which a political party stands are much broader in their scope and more inclusive than the ideas represented by any particular pressure group. In our United States in particular, parties have emphasized the universality of their appeal and have sought to attract the greatest possible number of voters regardless of class, racial or sectional interest. It seems logical enough that the two major parties should offer to the public an innocuous set of generalities as their platforms. Each in endeavoring to write a platform that few will disagree with. A strong statement favoring labor unions might loose the support of manufacturers. A definite plan for farm relief might offend business and industry. So a "formula" must be found which will offend none of these interests and attract them all. Now of course, the politician might reduce the campaign issue to simple and understandable terms and show the voter where his interests lie by a process of honest education. In a few instances this has been done by candidates in state and municipal elections. But it is easier to boilcud or ignore the public question at issue and persuade the citizen to vote the way his friends are voting.

Whatever party is in power that party draws its greatest interest in that section in which it has its greatest interest. The growing strength of the American Labor Party is cited as evidence that in a new party there will be a large element of class consciousness.

The third party which we have had has been sponsored by one or both of the major parties. This will also become evident if our next third party will be that of Socialism. It is well to consider that the resources of the Earth was not put there for a chosen few, by the Creator, but for the common welfare of all concerned and here is also included the common laborer, because he has the greatest interest in them. God has made it so that if there is scarcity in one part of the Earth there is abundance in another, the difficulty lies in its distribution.

The End A. P. Sontum

#428

AMATEUR GOLDEN GATE LOG

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

5-Oct 26
Copy 1955

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A. P. Sontum, Editor

511 Keokuk Street, Petaluma, California

Eleventh Entry October 1955

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The End A. P. Sontum

#429

This issue donated by
Rita Reitci for the
publication of UAPA
Contest material.

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Vol. 1, No. 6.
July 1955.

Rita Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

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(TOP NOTCH TRIVER)

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SECOND prize, Factual Article Contest

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AMERICA'S MOST NEGLECTED PATRIOT

by Mary Lavinia Silvia

In this day of hero worship, and recognition and awards for the slightest achievement, there remains one unsung hero - a man who gave to his country one of its most precious gifts - and who has never been acclaimed, nor received recognition from the country he loved so well.

One of the first things a school-child learns is to salute his Flag; he memorizes "I pledge allegiance" but is he ever told who wrote these beautiful precious words - or the story of how they came to be written?

How many adults today could name the author - or tell the story?

Francis Bellamy, of Rome, N.Y., was a former minister, who joined the staff of the YOUTH'S COMPANION in the beginning of the 90's. In 1892 the magazine was conducting a "re-dedication to America" program, and part of the plan was to have the Flag raised over every school in the country on October 12, 1892.

James Bailey Upham, editor of YOUTH'S COMPANION expressed a desire to create a new flag salute for the occasion. Francis Bellamy, his employee, declared that a mere salute would be wholly inadequate for such a solemn rite, and what was needed was a few simple words in which Americans could PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE to that Flag.

Seated at his desk, he wrote those words, even as he uttered them: "I pledge allegiance to my Flag". Then, realizing what the Flag represented, he added the words, "and to the Republic for which it stands."

For a while he pondered, painfully aware of the conflict recently ended within that Republic, the scars not yet healed; so after much thought he added, "one nation indivisible" hoping that everyone would realize that the war had proved that point, beyond dispute.

Estella M. Scharf
37 Greenwood Avenue
Wheeling, W. Va.

5 - FEB 24
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Ann S. Wiestling
Pleasant Valley
Wheeling, W. Va.

#430

A RECIPE FOR GOOD LIVING

Take twelve fine, full-grown months. See that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, hate and jealousy. Cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past - have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of Time.

Cut these months into 30 or 31 equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time, but prepare one day at a time as follows:

Into each day put 12 parts of faith, 11 of patience, 10 of courage, 9 of work, 8 of hope, 7 of fidelity, 6 of liberality, 5 of kindness, 4 of rest, 3 of prayer, 2 of meditation and 1 well-selected resolution. Put in a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play and a heaping cupful of good humor.

Pour a lot of love into the whole and mix vigorously. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness and cheerfulness.

* * *

The above is an excerpt from a New Year's sermon delivered by Rabbi Joseph Freedman of Wheeling. I came across it the other day and thought it was good enough to pass on. I hope you like it, too.

Now I want to thank all of you good people who sent cards at Christmas time. I heard from 30 different states, District of Columbia and Canada. Thanks so much!

May I remind you that this is HEART MONTH? Every dollar you give will help. There is a Heart Association near you, I feel sure.

After this drive is over, if not before, I hope I can get into the swing of letter-writing again.

— Estella M. Scharf

It's a little late to say so, but Happy New Year anyway!

THE PESSIMIST

The sun's warm fingers caress the window pane
finding no tiny opening for spring,
nor did warm light discover
the dank recesses of her house,
but wind rattled the doors
and rain....
rain found a way
if only to spot the curtains
and stain the wall paper
one dreary November noon.
while she awaited winter....
winter with its brittle cold
and icy dawns....
winter without hope of spring.

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Our local Poetry Club of which Estella is President, asked us to write with the idea of WHITE in mind. This little jingle was mine.

CONTRASTS

The white snowflakes, crystalline, frail,
And dazzling clouds on a summer sail
Are no more pure than the faltering prayer
Of a tiny child with her teddy bear.

The pastel flowers in white moonrise
Or birches reaching into the skies
Have no more beauty than six year old boys
And rapturous love their pup enjoys.

The soaring ibis where sun is warm
Or foam on breakers before the storm
Are fleeting as laughter in small girl's play
At make-believe on a Saturday.

How many will we see in New York ... if we get there? Here's hoping.

-- Ann S. Wiestling

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AN AJAY PAPER OF IRREGULAR APPEARANCE AND UNPREDICTABLE CONTENT

Ajay Graphic

This Is Number Ten

BOOK PUBLISHING BY AJAYERS

(This material was intended for publication in The United Amateur, Summer 1956 issue, which failed to appear.)

We have carried two articles on "Books by UAPAers." But the books under consideration are printed and published by professionals; we should have some articles on the printing of amateur books—by amateurs.

There have been periods when such activity was at a high level in amateur circles—and periods when it was low.

Always when the activity is limited — like at present, and plenty of other times—there are people to bemoan the fact.

Way back in 1903 the lack was felt at that particular time, leading Fred C. Crosby to write an article for an amateur magazine under the title "A Neglected Phase of the Amateur Press."

As an introduction to the topic, in this issue we will select a few extracts from the Crosby article for the edification of readers a half century later:

* * *

There is one phase of the amateur press, however that was prominent in the days of my own activity, which seems to be neglected at the present time, and that is the publication of amateur books.

In the '70s, practically every amateur paper set apart a column for the review of amateur books, and the books issued were sufficient to warrant the custom. In the copies of present day amateur paper which have come to my notice during the past few months, I have failed to find even one review of an amateur book.

The books, like the papers in the '70s, ranged all the way through the gradations, from excellence to mediocrity. They included fiction, verse, essays, and occasionally took the pro-

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by EHB on Tempo film stencils & Geha-duplicated.

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Dear Friend:

Come in. Take an Exchange poetry magazine or a recent poetry book from our "Browsing Corner."

Make yourself a cup of coffee at the "Hot 'n Cold Cooler."

Wait, if you like, while we cut a stencil and run off some copies of your poems for you!

We still have our "office for our hobbies" -- even though it has grown into an "exploratory business" -- complete with Los Angeles city business license and membership in the Studio City Merchants' Association!

We are off the boulevard, behind a Richfield Service Station. People have to look for us to find us. Even when they find 4060½ Laurel Canyon Blvd., they still don't always find us! Door 3 says "The Camas Press" and "The Archer" on it. Door 2 says "Poets of the Pacific." All a bit confusing to some "outsider" merely wanting to find a "letter shop" recommended by a friend.

But people continue to "discover" us -- by mail, by phone (!?!) and "in person." And we really are grateful, for the "outside work" does help pay the rent and other mounting expenses.

But we prefer to do as much work for POETS as we possibly can. We can order rubber stamps and address-label rolls made up for you. We can make stationery for sending out manuscripts. We can make Christmas cards and other poem cards. We can do a good many little books, and even an occasional "big book" -- though not yet as quickly as we hope to be able to do some day.

(Turn to Page 4)